

MACLEAN'S

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THE TRAGIC TREK OF THE MENNONITES

An Article By W. O. Mitchell

THE LAST OF THE SUFFRAGETTES

By Eva-Lis Wuorio



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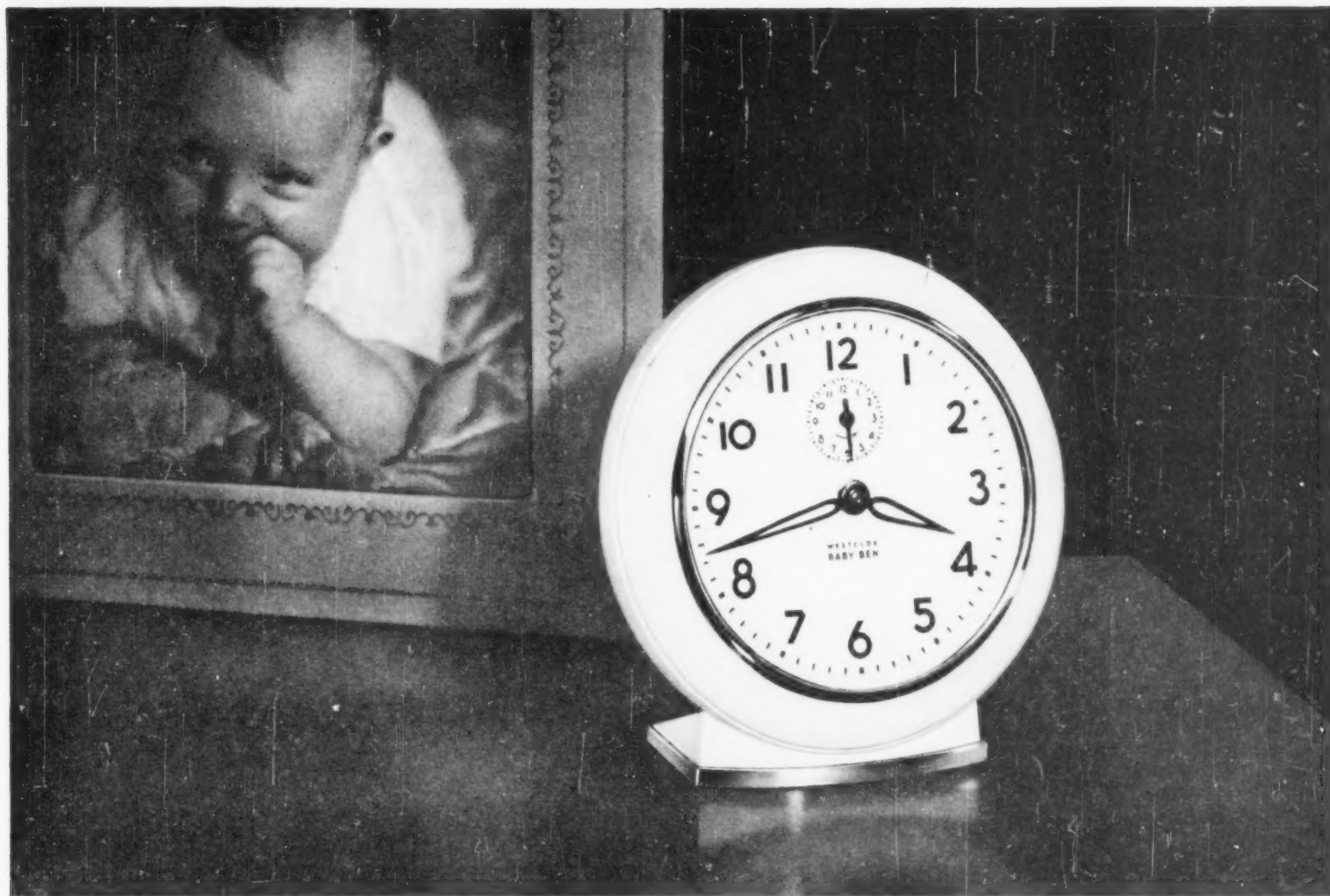
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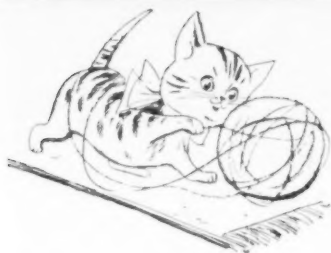


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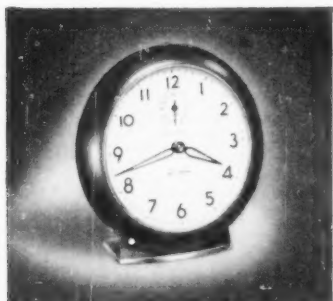
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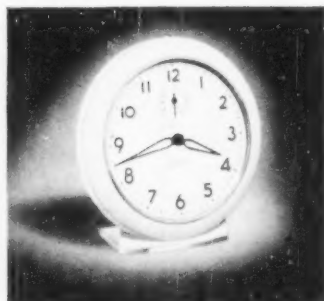
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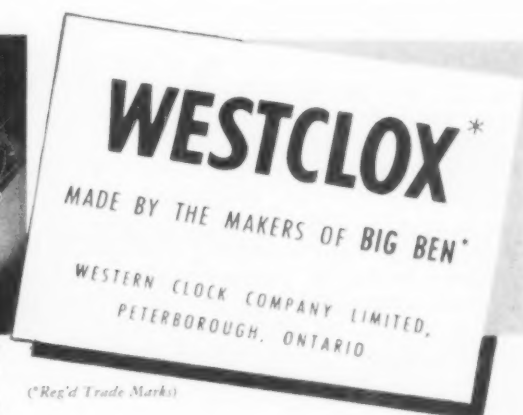
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EDITORIAL

AND THERE WAS NO WAR

BROWSING through some early Canadian history not long ago we came across a book written by Alexander Ross, a literary fur trader. One story in it, a true story, goes approximately like this:

During the winter of 1844-45 the Métis fur traders who lived on the lower Red River made an expedition to the Dakota plains for buffalo meat. There the halfbreeds from what is now Manitoba became involved in a series of bloody "incidents" with the proud, fierce Sioux, who considered them poachers.

Under Cuthbert Grant, Chief of the Half-breeds and Warden of the Plains, the Métis prepared for war. So did the Sioux, under their four great war lords, The Ground that Shakes, The Thunder that Rings, The Black Bear and The Sun.

The Métis sent an ultimatum to the Sioux with a runner named Langé: "We will defend ourselves, should you be as numerous as the stars and as powerful as the sun."

On February 12, 1845, the Sioux chieftains met in council with their followers and families. At first the powerful Sioux were determined to march. They debated for three days and then sent the Métis their reply:

FRIENDS.—Langé is here and your message is now spread before us in council. Ne-Tai-Opé called for the pipe; but Wa-Nen-De-Ne-Ko-Ton-Money said no: all the men were silent; but the women set up a noisy howl outdoors. Nothing was done till they got quiet. The council then broke up. Next day it was the same. The third day the council received your message as one of peace. We now send you our answer. Langé promises to run.

Friends.—I, the afflicted father of one of the young men killed by you, wish that he who killed my son should be my son in his stead. He had two feathers in his head. NE-TAI-OPE.

Friends.—Among the young men killed by you I had a nephew. He who killed him I wish to be my nephew. He was the smallest of all the unfortunates.

Friends.—You killed my son. He was brave, San-Be-Ge-Ai-Too-Tan. He who pointed the gun at him I wish to be my son. He had a feathered wand in his hand. I send it by Langé to my adopted son. TAH-WAH-CHAN-CAN.

Friends.—I wish the brave who killed my brother should be my brother. He had a gun and many feathers in his head. He was young. HAI-TO-KE-YAN.

Friends.—I am old and bowed down with sorrow. You killed my brother-in-law. He was braver than the bear. Had three wounds and a scar on his face. Whoever killed him I wish him to be my brother-in-law forever. He was bareheaded, head painted red, many bells and beads on his leggings. He was tall and strong. TAH-TAN-YON-WAH-MA-DE-YON.

Friends.—My cousin never returned. He is dead. Whoever deprived me of his friendship I wish him to be my friend and cousin. He had been wounded before and had a crooked hand. His feathers were red. He had garnished shoes. WAH-ME-DO-OKE-YON.

Friends.—You killed my father last summer. I wish him who made me fatherless should be my father. He was a chief, a Sistou warrior, had a gun and a bow, had been scalped when young. His feathers reached the ground. Whoever will wear these proud feathers I will give him a horse. I will be proud of him.

Friends.—You killed my uncle, Thon-Gan-En-De-Na-Ge. I am sad. The man who was so brave, I wish to be my uncle. He was a Yankton. My face is always painted black. He had on cloth and leather leggings and one feather. KAN-TAN-KEE.

The four Sioux chiefs added their names to the names of their bereaved warriors. Langé took the message back to the Métis and there was no war. We do not tell the story for its moral, for we fear the simple morality of the savage can have no possible meaning, here and now, among the councils of the civilized. We just happened to think it was a good story, that's all.

MACLEAN'S

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CONTENTS

Vol. 64 MARCH 1, 1951 No. 5

Cover: Painted by Rex Woods

Articles

THE TRAGIC TREK OF THE MENNONITES. W. O. Mitchell	7
LAST OF THE BATTLING SUFFRAGETTES. Eva-Lis Wuorio	10
GOOD-BY, BARNEY. McKenzie Porter	12
THE STRANGE POWER COLOR HAS OVER US. Charles Neville	16
WHAT THE CENSUS MAN WILL FIND OUT. Fred Bodsworth	18
THE UNKNOWN STAR OF THE MET, Morton Hunt	20
WHAT TV WILL DO TO YOU, Don Magill	22

Fiction

THE ROCKET MAN. Ray Bradbury	14
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Special Departments

EDITORIALS	2
BACKSTAGE AT LAKE SUCCESS. Blair Fraser ..	4
NEW YORK LETTER: THINGS THAT DOLLARS CANT BUY. Beverley Baxter	5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Clyde Gilmour	26
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE	28
LEN NORRIS CARTOON: AT A MINOR LEAGUE PLAYOFF	41
FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS: EDWARD P. AND THE AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS	48
CANADIANECDOTE: THE NAME THAT LOST AN ELECTION	54
WIT AND WISDOM	64
MAILBAG	66
PARADE	68

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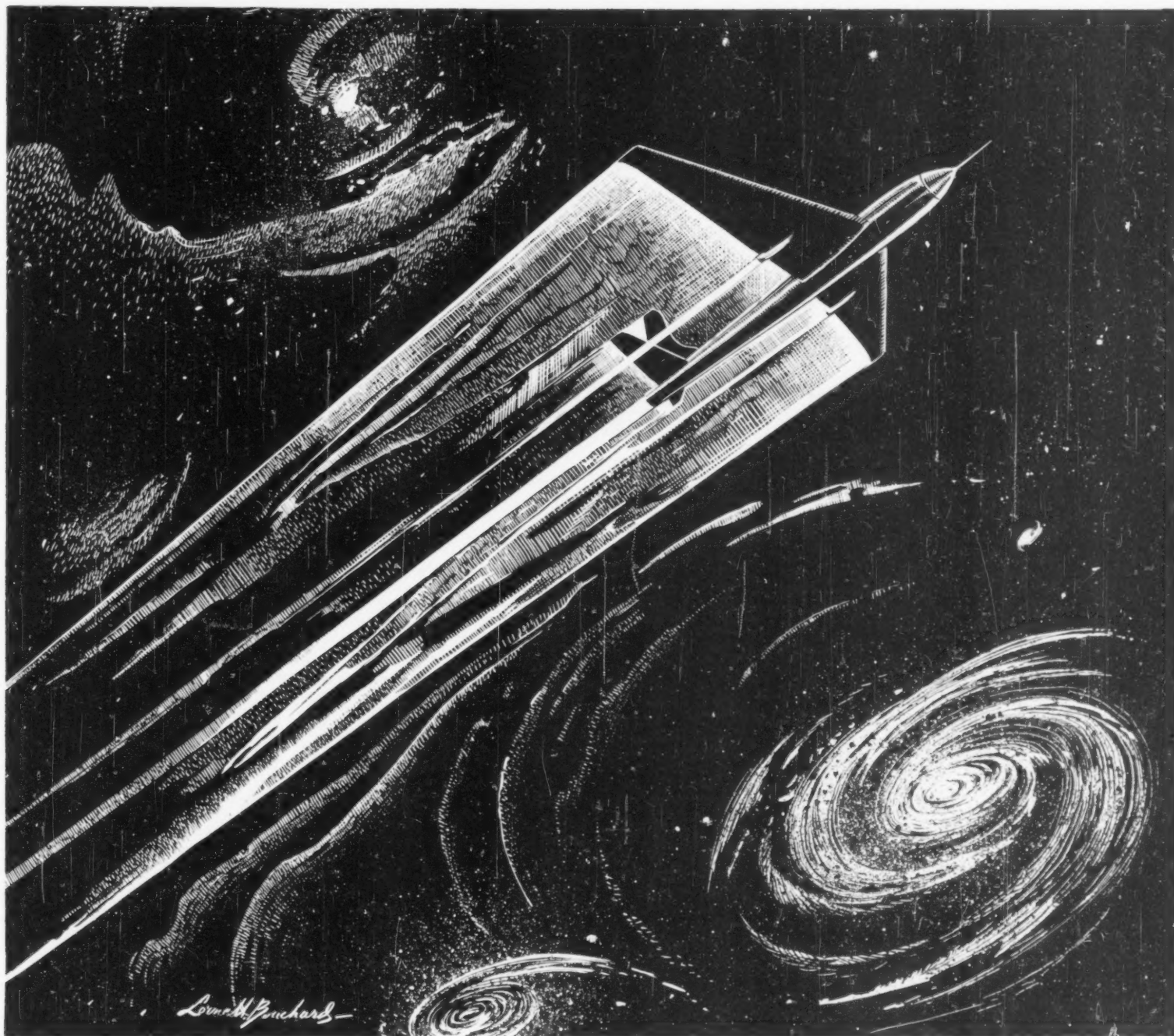
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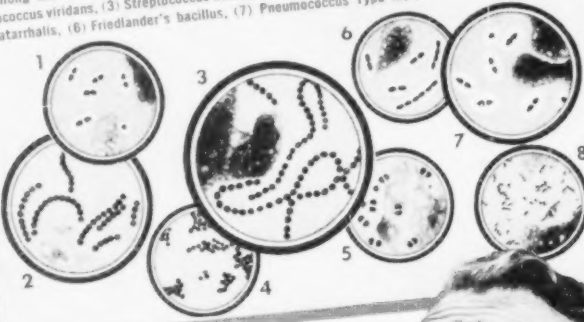
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BACKSTAGE AT LAKE SUCCESS

Fair-Weather Friends—and Foes

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

IN ONE WAY the split in the Western camp is not as wide as it looks. In other ways it's even wider. Unfortunately the latter may prove the more serious.

There was no serious disagreement, for instance, about the guilt of Red China in Korea. The long delay, the reluctance of many nations to back the U. S. resolution of condemnation, did not spring from any dispute about Chinese actions. The argument was not over the fact of Chinese aggression, but over the best way of dealing with it.

That sounds encouraging—a mere difference about method. But the difference about method revealed, and accentuated, a graver difference. Western allies are profoundly divided on the nature, strategy and tactics of the conflict in which we are engaged, until the Western alliance itself is in jeopardy. Each faction suspects the other of an unadmitted change in basic policy.

Washington is suspected of having lost hope and even desire for a peaceful settlement in the Far East. Privately, delegates of other Western countries will tell you: "We think the Americans have decided they must destroy the Communist Government of China. We think they're going to give full support to Chiang Kai-shek and build up a real war in Asia."

Americans deny this. They want no more, they say, than a moral condemnation of China and an economic blockade: "Cut off military supplies to the enemy and cut them at the source."

That sounds reasonable enough. Why should so-called United Nations go on providing metals and rubber and gasoline to help Chinese troops kill United Nations soldiers? However, there is real disquiet among some allied countries lest the Ameri-

cans go farther than that. It has happened before.

Last fall, when General MacArthur reached the 38th parallel, U. S. delegates assured their friends, "Don't worry, we're not going up to the border. We're going up just a few miles, just far enough to establish a line that can be held."

They meant it. They were perfectly sincere. Unhappily, these oral assurances were not binding on General MacArthur; he kept on going. When the same U. S. delegates come back today and begin "Don't worry," they raise a certain apprehension.

Not without reason, either. When the Chinese sent their reply to the UN cease-fire proposal Secretary of State Dean Acheson rejected it without even having seen the full text. It seemed to other nations that the Americans had decided in advance the Chinese would refuse to negotiate, and that Acheson would have been dismayed by any other answer.

When Prime Minister St. Laurent asked Prime Minister Nehru of India to get some clarification of the Chinese reply U. S. officials were violently indignant. Actually there was nothing either improper or surreptitious about it—since India is the only non-Soviet nation with an ambassador in Peking, India is the only channel of communication with China. But Americans thought Canada had double-crossed them. It took a long message from L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, to convince the State Department that nobody was trying to stab Washington in the back.

And even when the U. S. Government is convinced there remain the American Congress and people. Public opinion is more powerful in the United States than anywhere in the world, and public opinion is in full cry

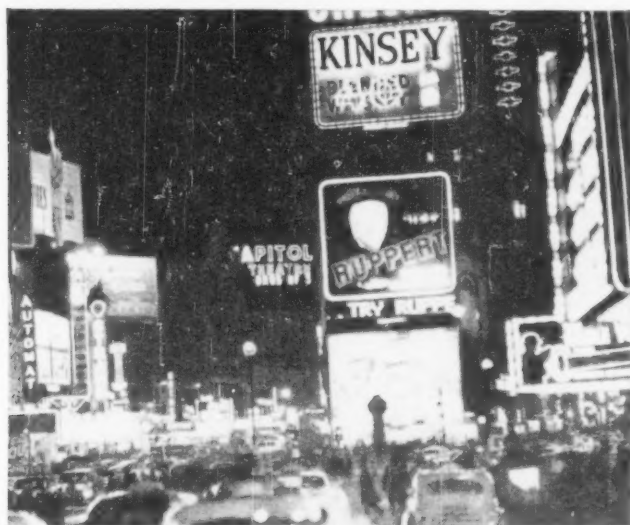
Continued on page 53



Cartoon by Grassick

Uncle Sam thought Canada had double-crossed him.

NEW YORK LETTER by Beverley Baxter



In a New York bewildered and angry, Broadway's theatres were never busier.

Things That Dollars Can't Buy

THE RADIO in my room in this excellent New York hotel is relating in appropriate musical terms the frustrated love of a young woman whose boy friend has momentarily, or perhaps permanently, forsaken her. The taxicabs are hooting their horns like puzzled hounds trying to pick up a scent, for it is theatre time and the traffic creeps as slowly as a mist coming up the Hudson.

I came here after three days in Toronto, and the contrast could not have been greater if I had flown from Bagdad or Cairo. I have never seen Canada in a more confident or resolute mood and I have never seen New York so vibrant and so bewildered. There are at least eight raging hits in the theatre and the people here are rushing to them, paying fabulous prices to ticket speculators as if, somehow, the mere acquisition of the tickets gives them a feeling of solidity in a world of wildly changing values.

Korea has been more than a blow to American pride; it has resurrected the corpse of isolationism and the corpse is showing plenty of liveliness. Hoover was, of course, the principal resurrectionist. That speech of his brought the dead to life.

There is nothing to be gained by closing one's eyes to the American reaction to events in Korea. It has been a tremendous blow to American pride, for they have never lost a war before. It may be that they have only lost a battle now, but they do not see it in that way.

True to human nature, they are looking for a scapegoat. Strangely enough one hears little criticism of General MacArthur, and I have talked with all sorts and conditions of men. They say he was ordered by the United Nations to drive beyond the 38th parallel but was

forbidden even to make airplane reconnaissance over the Manchurian border. Thus the general was the victim of the ineptitude and the vacillation of the United Nations.

The next reaction is equally plausible. Where were the allied troops? Why should America supply all the soldiers—or practically all—and sustain 90% of the casualties? Instead of the slogan of the Three Musketeers, "All for one, one for all," the Americans say the fighting was done by one for all, and that the all were in favor of the one doing it. In my talks I have not heard one mention of the 5,000 brave and skilled Turkish soldiers sent to Korea, although Turkey lives within the very reach of the Russian clan.

Nor is there any use trying to tell them that Britain in Malaya and France in Indo-China have been at war with Communist aggression for five years and that no American aid has been sent to either country.

The present American mood is understandable. The casualty lists are tragically heavy and there is the inescapable feeling that it has all been for nothing. If you remind them that France lost a million men holding Verdun in 1916 and 1917 and not an American soldier was sent to her assistance; or if you say that even when London was being bombed every night by the *Luftwaffe* there was no intervention by the U. S., they will only reply: "That was your affair. You did not consult us when you declared war on Hitler. But this Korea thing is different. We Americans had nothing to do with it. The United Nations went to war and then handed us the baby."

This raises one of the historical enigmas of our time. Speaking as a private member of the Conservative Opposition at Westminster, I can only say that I

Continued on page 28



*he has a silver spoon
in his mouth, too...*

Just before "junior" was born, Dad had said:

"In my day we used to say that people who got the breaks were born with silver spoons in their mouths."

"In this family," he went on, "we can't hope for a fairy godmother, or even a rich uncle to supply the spoon. For this little fellow... and I'll still bet it'll be a boy," he added with a confident grin at mother-to-be, "we're going to buy that silver spoon right now."

Well, Dad got his boy. He also got the spoon... a Canada Life program that guaranteed protection to Mother and son, and even included enough to put the lad through college.

"People with confidence in Canada Life have been buying silver spoons from them for over 100 years," he observed later. "With a company as strong and long-lasting as that, we know our boy's silver spoon is as good as gold!"



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Bound for Paraguay in 1948, hymn-singing Mennonites crowded a Winnipeg station. Seven hundred of the original 1,700 came back.

The Tragic Trek of the Mennonites

A bright vision of peace in a tropical paradise led 1,700 members of a Canadian sect to Paraguay three years ago in a mass exodus from Manitoba farms. Here is one family's story of life — and death — in the green hell where 900 still struggle to build a Vale of Happiness

By W. O. MITCHELL

Small children went too and many died in tropic settlements.



WITH THE VISION of a promised land to comfort them and a haven of peace in a war-torn world assured them, 1,700 Canadian-born Mennonites set out three years ago on a tragic trek to Paraguay in South America. On June 19, 1948, their train drew out from the little station at Lefellier, Manitoba, to take them from the licorice-black loam of the Red River Valley to the steaming palm and bamboo and liana forests of a new and terrifying land.

Their exodus was marked by an unsuspecting naïveté—apparent from the very first when they began to break up their homes in progressive Manitoba towns. They sold farms where they had lived all their lives. They left behind tearful friends and relatives. Not once did they question the glowing reports of four advance delegates who had come back to tell them of fine cleared land in Paraguay, half of it ideal for wheat growing, the other half suitable for rice.

At Quebec their chartered steamship awaited them. From Buenos Aires they would go by luxury paddle steamer up the Parana River into the South American interior. Then by cart and oxen they would travel along a trail hacked out of the tropical forests of untamed Paraguay.

For 300 years these followers of a Dutch reformer, Menno Simons, have been moved by a wanderlust born of a desire for peace and non-violence. In the 17th century they fled the military tyranny of Prussia to go to the banks of the Dnieper in the Crimea. In 1874 they fled Russia after being



They reached their new land by ox wagon over a trail carved through bush and vine.

threatened with military service. Now once more they were on the move.

But in Paraguay they have found no peaceful haven. They have found instead a country torn by revolution. The land of promised fertility and flowing milk and honey is instead a waste of swamp and uncleared jungle that cannot support them.

They found Paraguay neighbors with appallingly low standards of life, uncared-for lepers who crawl the streets, five-minute snakes, insect plagues, filth, strange disease, and death. Their infants and children over one three-month period died at the rate of one a day. For those without money to buy food at inflated Paraguayan prices, hunger and starvation became daily companions. More than half lost the savings of a lifetime.

They did not find what they sought—a new community based on a fertile soil, where they could have freedom of education and religion, where they would have a haven away from war. Seven hundred have returned to Canada. But at least 900 remain in the green hell that was to have been a promised land—many of them are trapped because they haven't the funds to return to Canada.

For their Manitoba neighbors it was difficult to understand the exodus. In a material age, dramatic sacrifices for spiritual convictions are few. People like J. C. Braun, merchant of Plum Coulee, Man.,—willing to move his entire clan to South America in a chartered North Star liner—are few. Braun is back in Canada now. He is \$50,000 poorer than he was three years ago.

The Mennonites have paid a terrible price because they felt that their young people were drifting from the farms to the cities; that their quiet simple life was being menaced, and that there was a growing antagonism in Canada toward their historic pacifist stand which made their forebears one of the most persecuted groups in history.



John Wiebe bought a cow to provide milk for his children. It died in the swamp. Then they drank rice water.

When their trains drew out of the station they felt they were leaving a Western prairie civilization they had found wanting. They left behind, they hoped for good, beer parlors with their green-painted windows and yeasty smells, picture shows, radios and the temptations of smoke-filled halls where youths played pea-pool, snooker and billiards. There would be no more young people taking wild night car trips across the border to the cocktail bars of Minnesota or to the Sodom and Gomorrah of

Morris and Carman and Winnipeg.

John Wiebe was one of the 1,700. A lean tall farmer of 29, with bushing fair hair, he had lived on his 13 acres near Horndean, Man., where he raised sugar beets, sunflower seed and grain.

He had talked the matter over with his wife, Susie, long into the nights. "It is a land of flowing milk and wild honey," he assured her. "The Hildebrandes say from the trees grow wild oranges and bananas to eat. By South America it is so warm and no hard winter." The older people might be right in their claims that the Mennonite way of life had been lost in Canada. "In Paraguay we will get a large farm—only seven dollars an acre. Wheat we will raise and rice. The Hildebrandes said it is not sandy."

As a Mennonite with four centuries of pioneering tradition behind him the prospect of a new life in Paraguay seemed thrilling. It would be the great adventure.

Throughout Mennonite communities in Manitoba, in homes and in churches, the older people held meetings to persuade others to join the exodus. The tradition of parental authority is strong in Mennonite families; younger sons and daughters and their wives and husbands made up their minds to go to South America. Like others, John Wiebe sold his farm. With him went his family of six children: Mary, 7, Susie, 6, Alice, 5, Abram, 4, Agnes, 2 and Johnnie, four months.

The leaders had chartered a steamship, which waited for them at Quebec. In the three-week trip to Buenos Aires there were a few Lot's wives who looked back to Manitoba and the homes they had left. Dissension grew among the elders and tempers became frayed, for troopship conditions prevailed and men and women were separated for the long voyage, seeing each other only at mealtime.

But the minor doubts of John and Susie Wiebe and the other families were stifled by the time they reached Buenos Aires and took a paddle steamer up the Parana River for the next leg of their journey. It was a leisurely trip west at first into the interior of Argentina, then north to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay. The 700 miles took them a week. Once they passed a high-cut bank of red soil brilliant with green foliage; someone laughed and shouted, "There is the soil red and green growing out yet!" Further upstream they saw a huge sign on the Argentinian side, "SWIFT'S PACKING LIMITED." Abe Derksen yelled, "See—we are pulling into Winnipeg now!"

They found Asuncion a pleasant place at first. It had wonderful shop windows with dresses and goods just like in Winnipeg. They saw the beautiful marble Banco de Paraguay with its door gleaming like gold in the sun. But in the *café* where they ate before taking their bus to Villarrica they saw holes in the walls and ceiling. John and Susie wondered but did not ask questions.

After lunch, when they crossed to the bank building with its beautifully kept lawns, they saw the shining brass doors riddled with bullet holes; there was no glass left in the first-story windows. Pillars in front of another building had been almost shot away, one held up by a brick near the base.

These were the scars of a revolution which had been born and had died within the year since their advance delegates had come down. And it was obvious to them now that they would not find it easy to turn the other cheek in a country where men lived daily by violence, where people walked the streets armed with machete, dagger and Forty-Four.

There were other shocks to come. The first afternoon in Asuncion little Susie pointed excitedly down the street and they saw a boy crawling along the pavement, dressed only in a grey rag of loin cloth. He had no nose, the side of his face was gone, his hands were missing and his feet turned grotesquely in at the ankle. He crawled past them on wrist and ankle bones which were quite visible and they found that he was one of many lepers who crawled Asuncion streets, eating whatever the gutters offered them, sleeping in an open doorway or the corner of two buildings when they tired at night.

On the bus to Villarrica the Wiebes and their children could not take their eyes off the Paraguayan women smoking their home-rolled cigars and spitting between each puff. They were appalled when they saw the bus floor deep with



Little Agnes Wiebe died just before the trek to Vale of Happiness. In one period, disease killed a child a day.

slime and horrified that the women passengers with babies had placed them on the floor for the trip.

"What kind of people do not look after their sick ones?" Susie asked John in wonderment. "That the women black cigars smoke and spit between the puffs, then put their little babies to sit in it!"

An advance group had gone ahead of the main body to make arrangements for setting up a temporary tent community near Villarrica, 100 miles east and south into the centre of Paraguay. They discovered that the trail from there on was impassable and that half of it must be hacked out with machete and axe and spade.

At the temporary community near Villarrica they stayed three months, waiting for road to their promised land to be cut out of the jungle. Here for the first time in their lives they heard the rustle of night wind through palm leaves and bamboo, felt the sting of sandflies and warbles, heard of tarantulas and climate sores. Here they saw monkeys chained to front-door steps to act as watchdogs.

It was here that two-year-old Agnes became sick.

The first sign that Mrs. Wiebe had of Agnes' illness was a high temperature; the child had diarrhea and thirst. Her mother put her to bed on the mattress in their tent and the next day the Paraguayan army doctor, like a dark hawk in brass

buttons, made his weekly call. He took Agnes' pulse and prescribed an enema of certain seeds obtainable in a dispensary two miles away. Since John was away helping cut the trail through jungle to the colony Mrs. Wiebe went to get the seeds. The remedy did not help.

Agnes cried incessantly for water which the doctor had forbidden, and the next afternoon when Mrs. Wiebe was doing her wash she looked up to see the delirious child stagger from the tent, fall to the ground and crawl on hands and knees to the tub filled with the soapy water in which her mother had just rinsed the soiled clothes. The next day a German doctor from Villarrica examined Agnes and told Mrs. Wiebe there was no hope for the child. He told her to give Agnes all the water she could drink.

By the time John came home three days later Agnes' little body had wasted away and her skin, which had always been fair, became so transparent they could see her intestines through her stomach.

At night Susie and John Wiebe lay on their mattress with Agnes between them, hearing the dry rustle of night breezes in the palms overhead, the raucous pheasant squawk of bush hens in the jungle. None of the muted hush of the Manitoba night surrounded them. Susie heard the insistent gobble of wild turkeys, the squalling of mating, fighting wildcats, the far scream of a jaguar. She could not sleep. She would rise and go outside. All through the village, in every tent she could hear crying—of infants, children, women and of men.

She would return to the tent and lie down by Agnes. She could feel the baby's feet chill against her own legs and one night could feel the chill almost perceptibly glide up the hot little body. In terror she shook her husband. "John, John! I think death is coming!"

But at dawn Agnes was on fire again and outside the toucans were calling; hoarse flights of parrots came in search of kaffir corn.

On the afternoon of the sixth day of her illness, her eyes staring up to the ridgepole of the tent, Agnes died. Her parents today do not even know the name of the disease which killed her.

Unlike most of the other women, Susie Wiebe had not brought with her the white cloth for burials; she had a superstition that it would be inviting death into her family. Mrs. Isaac Friesen, the minister's wife, gave her some white dimity. She and her mother-in-law made a dress for Agnes, the long nightdress sleeves gathered in ruffles at the wrist. She closed Agnes' eyes and braided her fair hair.

John got some white cedar and made a coffin with carefully mortised corners. With white cloth left over from the dress, Mrs. Wiebe lined the casket. Then six-year-old Susie picked small sprays of jungle fern and the green looked nice against the white. A Spanish woman brought a



Short of food, the colonists butchered an ox. Once they shot a wild pig from a stampeding herd.

large crimson flower and placed it in Agnes' folded hands so that it looked as though she were holding it. John made a headstone of hardwood which would last for hundreds of years. Upon it he carved her name and a star for her birth date, then a cross for her death date. In three days she would have been three years old.

They stood dressed in their black Sunday best with heads bared to the intense tropical sun, against the brilliant green of palm and liana while jade parrots croaked and monkeys swung overhead and the red soil around steamed with tropic mist.

No Escape from Fear

John went to Villarrica to make out the death certificate, accompanied by two other fathers whose children had been buried the same day. The official in the city hall looked up as they entered, laughed and reached for a pile of forms at his elbow. He asked for Agnes' name.

John told him and he laughed at such a funny name. He laughed while he made out the other two death certificates. John Wiebe knew then that if he had been armed, as many of the Paraguayans were, with razor machete and dagger and revolver, a four-century-old Mennonite abhorrence of violence could not have stopped him from killing the man. Now this country had stolen from him even his religious faith in the peaceful life.

When he got back to their tent village he found Mary and Susie and Alice and Johnnie, the six-

month-old baby, running fevers in much the same way as Agnes had at the start of her illness. There followed a nightmarish two weeks until they were sure that each tow-headed child was out of danger. Now, as with most of the others in the temporary tent village, they were filled with uncertainty and fear.

Night after night Susie cried herself to sleep, despairing of a way out of this terrifying land. Once John said to her, "I wish there were not you and the children. Single I wish I was, so it would be all my own suffering!" And once Susie explained to him how she felt. "It is like I want to run away, but where is there I can run to?"

Two months after Agnes' death the Wiebes were the first to set out on the new trail for the Mennonite land 10 days away. They travelled alone, John ahead at the oxen, a cow he'd got at Villarrica tethered behind. Inside under a canvas cover hooped over the wagon box were the freight and mattress and blankets for the family bed. John's brother, Abe, traveled with them. The wheels moved almost soundlessly through the dry red trail dust, lifting and hanging on the air, so that John could barely make out his brother on the wagon seat. He could seldom see the rest of the covered wagon at all.

Their first day out of Villarrica they passed Paraguayans coming out to market from the interior: a woman in white, balancing a basket of beef guts on her head, the looping entrails swinging around her ears and forehead. A man on a spirited horse rode by them; then—trudging along in the dust, balancing a great

Continued on page 54



After 18 months of hunger and hardship, John Wiebe and his family returned to Manitoba. Mary, Abram and Susie are at Lowe Farm School. Two of six children died.

John Wiebe sold his farm to go to Paraguay and returned penniless. Now he works on Manitoba roads and asks: "Where could you get such a country as Canada?"

Mrs. Wiebe (far right) and her seventh child, born after their return. Sometimes she had only oatmeal and milk to feed her family. She still has a cankerous climate sore.



GOOD-BY, BARNEY

Being a touching tribute and a fond farewell to the horse that hauls your bread and milk. Sure, he costs more to run than a truck, but whoever heard of a truck remembering to stop at the Browns' house?

Barney works a 40-hour week with driver Walter Midgeley delivering milk. Now he's losing his job.



By MCKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOS BY ROCKET-PANDA

WHEN the first-grade school children of today grow up the only place they'll be able to see a horse earning its own living will be on the race course, a sward jealously restricted to descendants of the Anglo-Arabian thoroughbred.

By then specimens of the Percheron, Suffolk Punch, Clydesdale, Cleveland Bay, Justin Morgan and other purebred draft animals, perfected by man during a thousand years of equine eugenics, will doubtless be on show in zoos alongside their only known relatives, the zebra, the quagga and the ass.

Humble halfbreeds like Barney, who hauls a milk wagon for Borden's Dairy in midtown Toronto, will all have vanished to those green pastures which, if there is any justice, are reserved for the noblest of animals in heaven.

Barney has been jogging his jingling load around the streets for five years now but has done nothing to excite any unusual admiration in his owners' breasts. They treat him well but whether he dreams of better days nobody knows and nobody cares.

It is true Barney can distinguish between red and green traffic lights, judge distances accurately when cutting around parked cars, pick out from several thousand houses those of 268 customers and during his master's holidays show strange milkmen around the route with never a mistake.

But, like any other dairyman, Borden's expects these qualities in a milk horse. Barney would have to sell the tickets, collect the money and keep the books himself to ensure his ultimate survival against the ruthless encroachments of the machine.

The tractor is fast ousting the horse from the farm and the truck is chasing him from the city. In the past 10 years Canada's horse population has nose-dived from nearly three to fewer than two millions. The RCMP has forsaken the horse for cars, motorbikes and aircraft. Even the cowboys are turning speculative eyes on the ubiquitous Jeep. Thousands of unemployed Canadian horses will be shipped this year to Belgium where they are relished as steaks and roasts.

It is getting harder every day to find men who can handle horses. Old-fashioned blacksmiths are almost as rare as centaurs. City veterinarians know the horse only in theory and make most of their money off dogs and cats. Stables used to pay carters to take horse manure away. Now market gardeners, especially mushroom growers, pay high prices to collect it. Bucket-and-shovel races in suburban streets between home horticulturists are getting more belligerent. Soon the object of such contests will be but a mirage.



On Borden's route No. 16 Barney knows the addresses of 268 customers. Moved to another Toronto route once he became homesick.



He's learned how to unlatch the door of a bakery van to steal a loaf of bread. He likes hot dogs and once drank a half bottle of whisky.

Ever since man learned to make fire, and suddenly discovered he could enslave stronger animals, the horse has humped and heaved his loads. The horse's contribution to civilization has been matched by no other quadruped. The era of the horse in bondage, which archaeologists believe has lasted a million years, is coming to an end, right now, with the speed of a thunderbolt. It is a poignant moment in history.

That's why we present Barney today. A year from now it might be too late.

Barney has kept his job to date because it is one at which the superiority of the internal combustion engine still remains in faint doubt. Although it costs Borden's \$2 a week more to work Barney than it does to run a truck on the same route Barney's advantage lies in his brain.

It is a small brain, smaller in proportion to his size than a dog's, a pig's or a cat's. But still big enough to give him a slight edge on the truck.

Nobody has yet invented a truck which will follow a milkman up the street to save him walking

back and forth, drive itself while the milkman sorts his tickets and cash, haul itself clear of deep snowdrifts, or make any better time than Barney does on his particular circuit.

Barney has another card up his feathers (those long hairs on his fetlocks). He enables Borden's, a benevolent firm, to keep in employment many old and faithful milkmen who are just as nervous of steering wheel, clutch and brakes as up-and-coming bottle jockeys are of Barney's hoofs, teeth and psychological quirks.

A few months ago, however, delegates to the Ontario Milk Distributors' Association Convention in Toronto deplored the continued existence of Barney and his brethren in city streets as anachronisms and traffic snarlers. Borden's is fast coming around to this view. Since the end of the war it has cut down its string of horses from 350 to 100—now divided between its midtown dairy on Spadina Crescent, where Barney works, and an uptown dairy in the north.

Borden's has found, like many other dairies, that

gasoline pays better than horse sense on hilly routes which used to require a pair of horses, or on routes far from the stable. Even one-horse beats like Barney's, however, are now facing extinction. English truck designers are putting out a handy, rugged little vehicle which, a year or so from now, will sound Barney's death knell.

In the meantime, Barney faces the *Gottterdammerung* of his breed with quiet dignity.

Barney, a big brown horse with three white feet and one black, works eight hours a day, five days a week. He's off every Sunday, since Sabbath deliveries have been stopped, and one other day, according to his own condition and the availability of six spare horses among his 30 stablemates.

On his working days Barney draws a ton of milk around 18 miles of backwaters in a district of old-fashioned students' rooming houses just north of the University of Toronto on Bloor Street West.

He wears out a set of rubber shoes each week in summer and a set of steel shoes each month in winter.

Continued on page 43



Barney's wagon is rubber-tired and he wears rubber shoes for the sake of early-morning quiet. He visits this blond friend every day.



He's never learned to whistle at a pretty girl but Barney's a smart horse. He heeds traffic lights and can find his way home in a fog.



THE ROCKET MAN

When his father came back from the stars he smelled of fire and time

By RAY BRADBURY

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MITCHELL

THE electrical fireflies were hovering above mother's dark hair to light her path. She stood in her bedroom door looking out at me as I passed in the silent hall. "You will help me keep him here this time, won't you?" she asked.

"I guess so," I said.

"Please." The fireflies cast moving bits of light on her white face. "This time he mustn't go away again."

"All right," I said, after standing there a moment. "But it won't do any good, it's no use."

She went away, and the fireflies, on their electric circuits, fluttered after her like an errant constellation, showing her how to walk in darkness. I heard her say, faintly, "We've got to try, anyway."

Other fireflies followed me to my room. When the weight of my body cut a circuit in the bed, the fireflies winked out. It was midnight, and my mother and I waited, our rooms separated by darkness, in bed. The bed began to rock me and sing to me. I touched a switch, the singing and rocking stopped. I didn't want to sleep. I didn't want to sleep at all.

This night was no different than a thousand others in our time. We would wake nights and feel the cool air turn hot, feel the fire in the wind, or see the walls burnt a bright color for an instant, and then we knew *his* rocket was over our house, his rocket, and the roak trees swaying from the concussion, and I would lie there, eyes wide, panting, and mother in her room. Her voice would come to me over the inter-room radio:

"Did you feel it?"

And I would answer, "That was him, all right."

That was my father, The Rocket Man, in his rocket ship passing over our town, a small town where *space* rockets never came, and here I was, fourteen years old, the son of

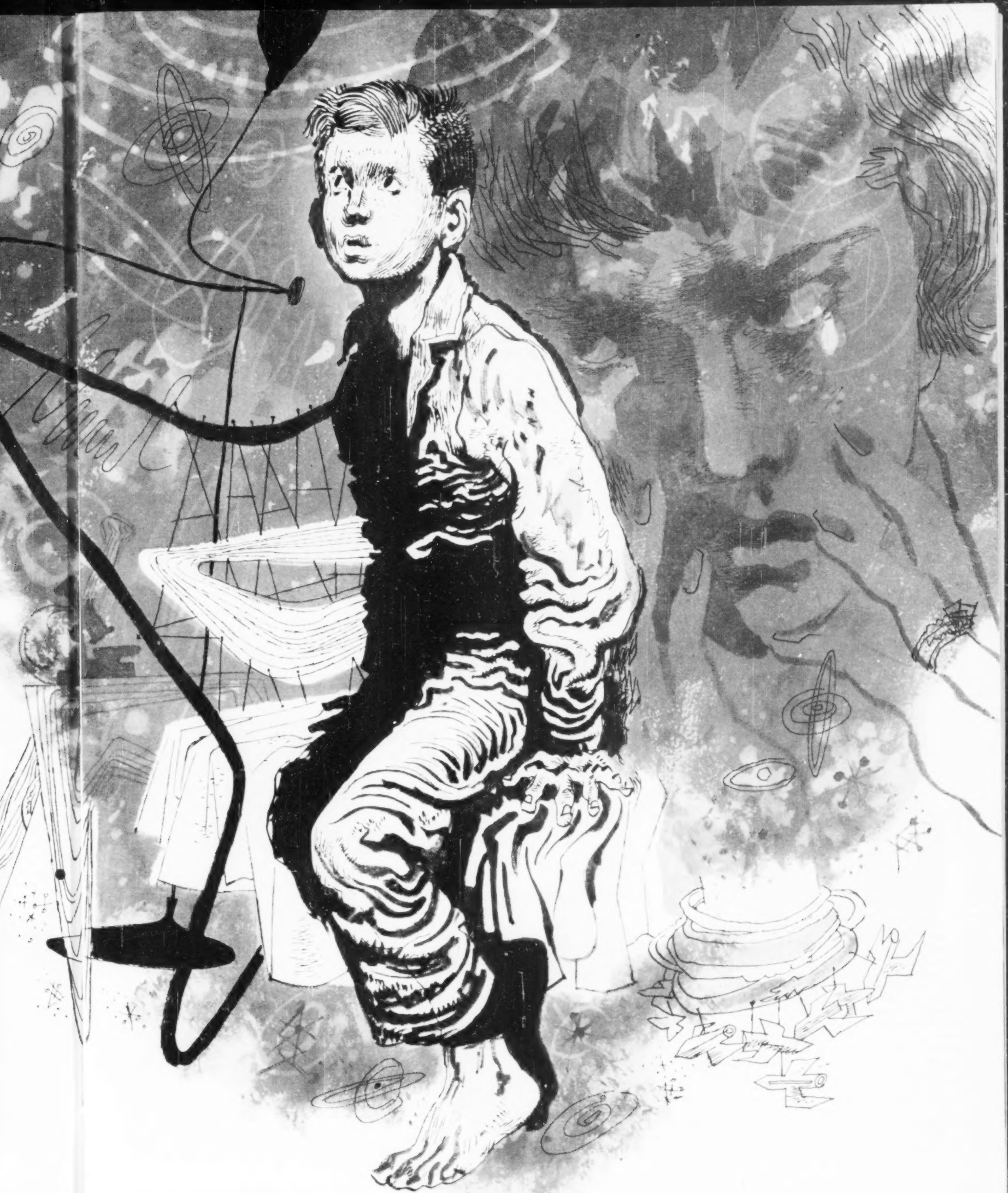
The Rocket Man, lying awake for the next two hours thinking, "Now Dad's landed on the tarmac, now he's signing the papers, now he's in the helicopter, now he's over the river, now the hills, now he's settling the helicopter in at the little airport at Green Village here . . ." And the night would be half over when, in our separate rooms, mother and I would be listening, listening. "Now he's walking down Bell Street . . . he always walks . . . never takes a cab . . . now across the park . . . now turning the corner at Oakhurst and now . . ."

I lifted my head from my pillow. Far down the street, coming closer and closer, smartly, quickly, briskly—footsteps. Now turning in at our house, up the porch steps. And we were both smiling, in the cool darkness, Mom and I, when we heard the front door open in recognition, speak a quiet word of welcome, and shut, downstairs . . .

Three hours later I turned the brass knob to their room quietly, holding my breath, balancing in a darkness as big as the space between the planets, my hand out to reach the small black case at the foot of my parents' sleeping bed. Taking it, I ran silently to my room, thinking, "He won't tell me, he doesn't want me to *know*."

And from the opened case spilled his black uniform, like a black nebula, stars glittering here or there, distantly, in the material. I kneaded the dark stuff in my warm hands, I smelled the planet Mars, an iron smell, and the planet Venus, a green ivy smell, and the planet Mercury, a scent of sulphur and fire, and I could smell the milky moon and the hardness of the stars. I pushed the uniform into a centrifuge machine I'd built in my ninth grade shop that year, set it whirling. Soon a fine powder precipitated into a retort. This I slid under a microscope. And

Continued on page 41





**THE STRANGE
POWER COLOR
HAS OVER US**



Science is proving that there's more in color than meets the eye. Just by showing you the right parts of the rainbow at the right time, designers can make you buy more, eat more, work harder or feel happier

By CHARLES NEVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER WHALLEY

A COLOR CHEMIST met a college pal he hadn't seen for years. The friend confided gloomily that he was planning a divorce. "My wife is so jumpy and irritable I'll go crazy if I have to live with her much longer," he explained.

The color expert went home with his friend for dinner. Alone in the living room afterwards he told him bluntly: "You'd be a bundle of nerves too if you had to live in this red room every day. You don't need a change of wife, you need a change of wallpaper."

The home was redecorated in restful blues and greys: the wife's irritability disappeared and the husband forgot his ideas about divorce.

The management of a Toronto chewing-gum plant decided recently that male employees were loitering too long in the washroom. The management didn't want to complain, fearing labor retaliation. A color expert solved the problem. Washroom walls were painted a harsh unpleasant green. The effect is so irritating there is little temptation now to linger for a second cigarette. The men, without realizing it, are returning promptly to their jobs.

Sales in a Montreal shoe store dropped recently when a new carpet with prominent wine and red design was placed on the floors. A display consultant trained in color psychology spotted the trouble immediately: customers trying on shoes were distracted by the loud design. The carpet was exchanged for an unmarked one of greyish-blue which enhanced the form and color of shoes. Sales quickly returned to normal.

Science has discovered a potent power in color and it's being put to work in thousands of ways—from selling razor blades to curing headaches and preventing airsickness. It is subtly luring us to eat more heartily in restaurants, making students study harder in classrooms, stimulating stenographers so that they type faster and winning football games by putting linemen in a fighting mood.

The secret we have overlooked until recently is that color, like music, can do powerful things to our moods. Some colors stimulate us to greater mental and physical activity; some can be very depressing. Colors can warm or cool us and make the thermometer look like a liar. By reducing eyestrain they are making thousands of onerous factory jobs no more fatiguing than croquet.

Says Toronto color specialist Norman Westheuser: "Color is the strongest single influence in our lives. Too bad we've taken so long to discover it."

Chickens With Red Goggles

Experts like Westheuser are using color as a doctor uses pills. Beauty for its own sake is the last thing they think about; they're concerned with down-to-earth scientific laws on the effect of color on the human mind and body.

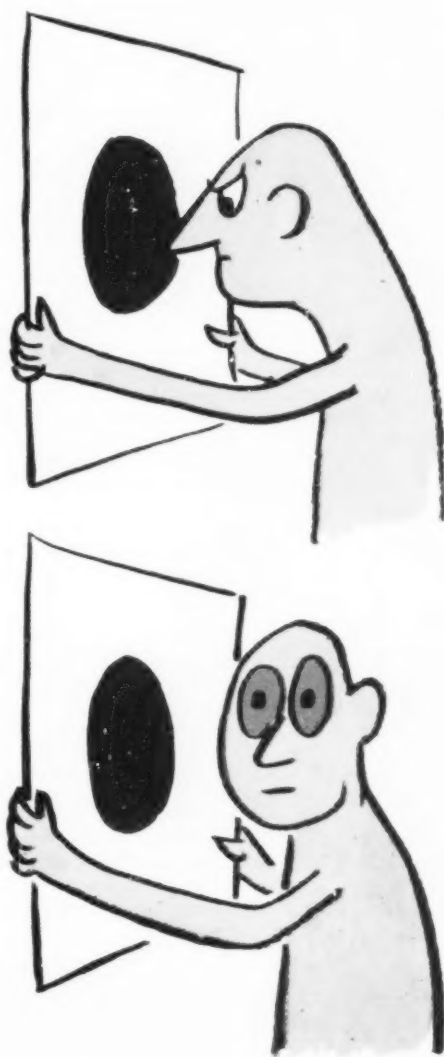
Here in digest form is what they have discovered.

For their psychological effect, colors of the spectrum can be divided into two main groups. The red, orange and yellow end of the spectrum is warming, cheering, stimulating, while the green, blue and violet end is cooling, relaxing or—if far enough removed from the reds and yellows—downright depressing.

According to the industrial health division, Department of National Health and Welfare, one scientist measuring muscular tension found that it jumped from an average of 23 to 42 units when subjects were placed for a few minutes under a red light. Under a blue light there was little change. He discovered that muscular reactions under red light were 12% quicker than under blue.

Another report concerns a woman with high blood pressure induced by worry over a heart attack she had suffered years before. Her heart was normal again, her trouble purely mental. On four days in succession she was placed for several hours in a room lighted in soft green. Her pulse dropped from 112 to 74 and blood pressure became normal.

Even birds are being subjected to color treatment. At Essex County penitentiary farm in New York State 3,000 chickens are wearing red goggles. Before they were fitted with glasses they would become aroused at the sight of blood and attack



and kill an injured chicken. In one year 10% of the flock died in this way. Then keepers wired goggles of red isinglass to birds' beaks. Now everything looks red and they no longer recognize blood. There hasn't been a fatal fight since. Admiral Horatio Nelson used the same idea 150 years ago. He painted decks red so that his sailors wouldn't be sickened when the scuppers flowed with blood.

A Canadian paint journal reports that a football coach had his team's dressing room painted vivid red. After seeing red for minutes players returned to the field fighting mad.

But when this kind of "fight conditioning" occurred unintentionally in a Philadelphia dining room it created chaos. The room was redecorated, making extensive use of red. Immediately there was an increase in complaints over food and arguments with the cashier over checks. A psychologist tipped the management to the trouble. The strong red was throwing color-sensitive diners into an irate mood without them being conscious of it. The color was changed and sociability improved.

Why are some colors exciting and stimulating, some soothing and relaxing, others depressing? These influences are the result of two factors: 1. The optical capabilities of the eye itself, the manner in which it sees colors; 2. The effect of nature through thousands of generations in familiarizing us with certain colors.

It's a Matter of Wave Length

Scientists, now able to split the atom and signal the moon, admit they're still stumped by many secrets of color vision. But this much is known: Light, a form of electromagnetic energy, travels in waves of different sizes, each color having its own wave length. When we see a bundle of all the wave lengths in the visual spectrum at one time they combine to make us see white light. When this light gets pulled apart by objects reflecting only part of it we see the reflected portion as one of the colors. Color wave lengths range from red, the longest at 1/33,000 of an inch, to violet, the shortest at 1/67,000.

The human eye focuses most easily on red, orange and yellow. These colors outline sharply on the eye's retina—its photographic plate. They are the "vigorous" colors. Furthermore, nature uses them frugally; only in the last 100 years, with extensive development of paints and dyes, have red, orange and yellow become common colors.

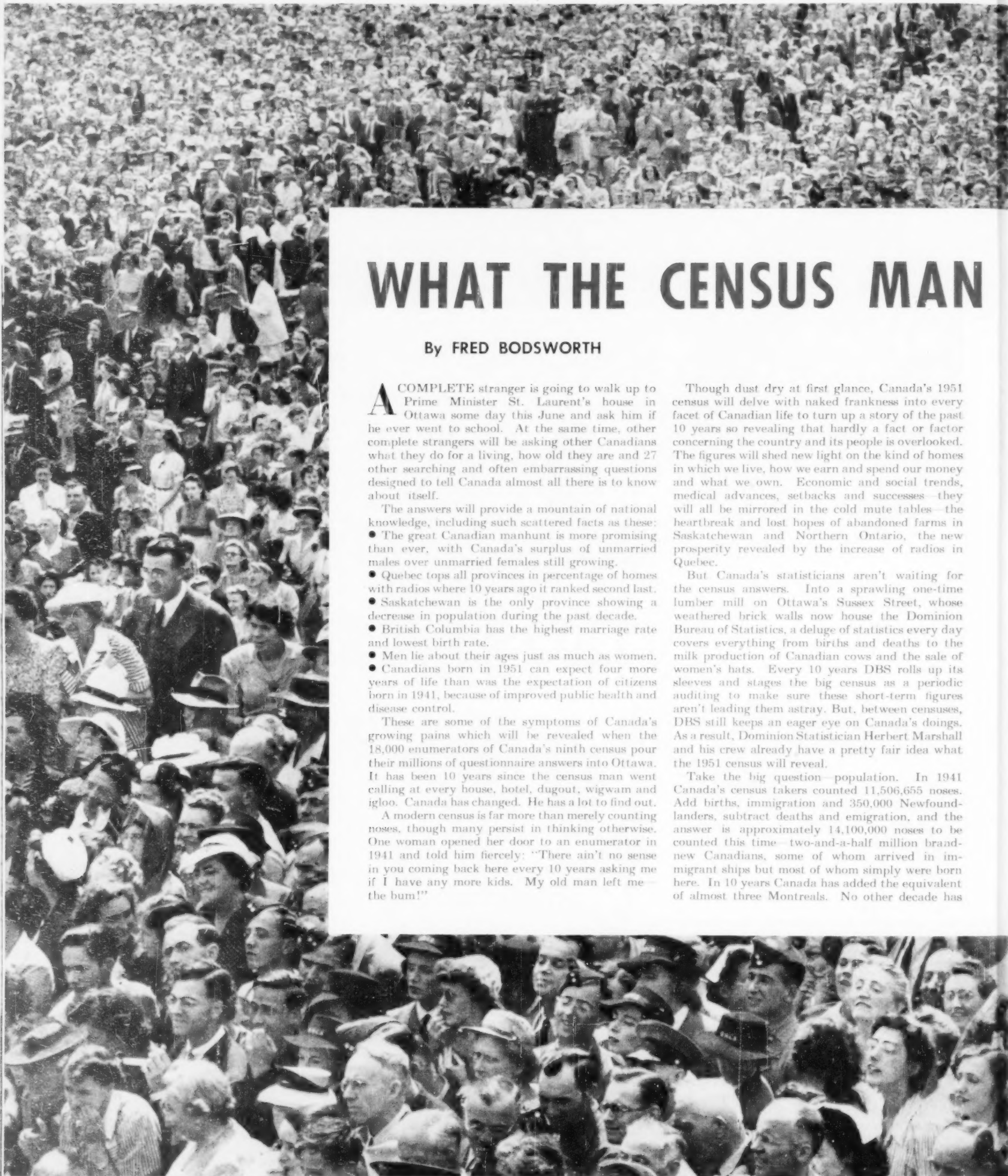
These two facts—the sharpness with which the eye sees them and their relative newness in mankind's history—make them exciting and stimulating. But they can be too stimulating. Moderate doses prevent boredom and make physical work easier; heavy doses overstimulate, induce fatigue, become mentally irritating. Some psychiatrists say that a person forced to live a few weeks in a bright-red room would wind up stark mad.

There's another factor. For more than 30,000 years man squatted around campfires—he has been stoking furnaces for less than a century. The campfire is no longer a focal point of his environment, but deep in his subconscious the lure of the flame is still there. Today the fire colors of red, orange and yellow may exist as paint on a wall, but in man's subconscious they will always suggest a fire's warmth and cheer.

Because of their shorter wave lengths, green and blue are focused less distinctly by the eye. They are soft, slightly hazy and produce a soothing and relaxing psychological effect. Nature has splashed green and blue everywhere. We subconsciously associate green with tranquil landscapes and the effect of this on the mind is restful. Blue, the tint of sky and sea, is the color of nature's distant vistas and is also eye-relaxing. Thousands of years of sea and sky-gazing have made blue the color on which the eye relaxes most easily. And blue, because it is associated in the subconscious with the chill of water, has a cooling influence.

A Canadian soup company recently constructed a new dining room in its plant. The color plan included blue-tiled wainscoting topped by pale blue walls. On the first frosty day employees complained the room was cold. "It's thermostatically controlled at

Continued on page 61



WHAT THE CENSUS MAN

By FRED BODSWORTH

A COMPLETE stranger is going to walk up to Prime Minister St. Laurent's house in Ottawa some day this June and ask him if he ever went to school. At the same time, other complete strangers will be asking other Canadians what they do for a living, how old they are and 27 other searching and often embarrassing questions designed to tell Canada almost all there is to know about itself.

The answers will provide a mountain of national knowledge, including such scattered facts as these:

- The great Canadian manhunt is more promising than ever, with Canada's surplus of unmarried males over unmarried females still growing.
- Quebec tops all provinces in percentage of homes with radios where 10 years ago it ranked second last.
- Saskatchewan is the only province showing a decrease in population during the past decade.
- British Columbia has the highest marriage rate and lowest birth rate.
- Men lie about their ages just as much as women.
- Canadians born in 1951 can expect four more years of life than was the expectation of citizens born in 1941, because of improved public health and disease control.

These are some of the symptoms of Canada's growing pains which will be revealed when the 18,000 enumerators of Canada's ninth census pour their millions of questionnaire answers into Ottawa. It has been 10 years since the census man went calling at every house, hotel, dugout, wigwam and igloo. Canada has changed. He has a lot to find out.

A modern census is far more than merely counting noses, though many persist in thinking otherwise. One woman opened her door to an enumerator in 1941 and told him fiercely: "There ain't no sense in you coming back here every 10 years asking me if I have any more kids. My old man left me—the bum!"

Though dust dry at first glance, Canada's 1951 census will delve with naked frankness into every facet of Canadian life to turn up a story of the past 10 years so revealing that hardly a fact or factor concerning the country and its people is overlooked. The figures will shed new light on the kind of homes in which we live, how we earn and spend our money and what we own. Economic and social trends, medical advances, setbacks and successes—they will all be mirrored in the cold mute tables—the heartbreak and lost hopes of abandoned farms in Saskatchewan and Northern Ontario, the new prosperity revealed by the increase of radios in Quebec.

But Canada's statisticians aren't waiting for the census answers. Into a sprawling one-time lumber mill on Ottawa's Sussex Street, whose weathered brick walls now house the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, a deluge of statistics every day covers everything from births and deaths to the milk production of Canadian cows and the sale of women's hats. Every 10 years DBS rolls up its sleeves and stages the big census as a periodic auditing to make sure these short-term figures aren't leading them astray. But, between censuses, DBS still keeps an eager eye on Canada's doings. As a result, Dominion Statistician Herbert Marshall and his crew already have a pretty fair idea what the 1951 census will reveal.

Take the big question—population. In 1941 Canada's census takers counted 11,506,655 noses. Add births, immigration and 350,000 Newfoundlanders, subtract deaths and emigration, and the answer is approximately 14,100,000 noses to be counted this time—two-and-a-half million brand-new Canadians, some of whom arrived in immigrant ships but most of whom simply were born here. In 10 years Canada has added the equivalent of almost three Montreals. No other decade has

1, 1951

AN

WILL FIND OUT

The census-taker will knock at your door soon to ask what's new and how things have been. He's already learned a lot since his last call—for instance that husbands are easier to catch and that men will lie about their ages too

seen that many new Canadians (the closest was 1,830,000 in 1901-11).

How come? Well, marriage and birth rates always head for the ceiling in wartime. Canada's birth rate was 20 per 1,000 of population in 1937 and 28.6 per 1,000 in 1947—about 130,000 additional babies per year. But the average Canadian family today is a bit smaller than in 1941. Average 1941 family was 3.9 persons, or roughly father, mother and two children. This was down to 3.7 in 1949 and may be down around 3.5 persons per family by June, 1951.

Quebec is still up top (4.5 persons per family in 1941, 4.3 in 1949) and British Columbia at the bottom (3.4 in 1941, 3.3 in 1949). An interesting feature of Canadian geography and life underlies these drab statistics. British Columbia, which boasts it's the only province with no winter, attracts a large number of people entering retirement, from Britain as well as from other parts of Canada. Thus, the province has the highest percentage of British-born residents and the highest percentage of old people. British Columbia has Canada's lowest

Continued on page 49



The Keewatin District enumerator started his census last fall before the big snows.



Since the 1941 census the McNaughtons of Malton, Ont., added six to the population.





WHAT THE CENSUS MAN

By FRED BODSWORTH

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- Men lie about their ages just as much as women.
- Canadians born in 1951 can expect four more years of life than was the expectation of citizens born in 1941, because of improved public health and disease control.

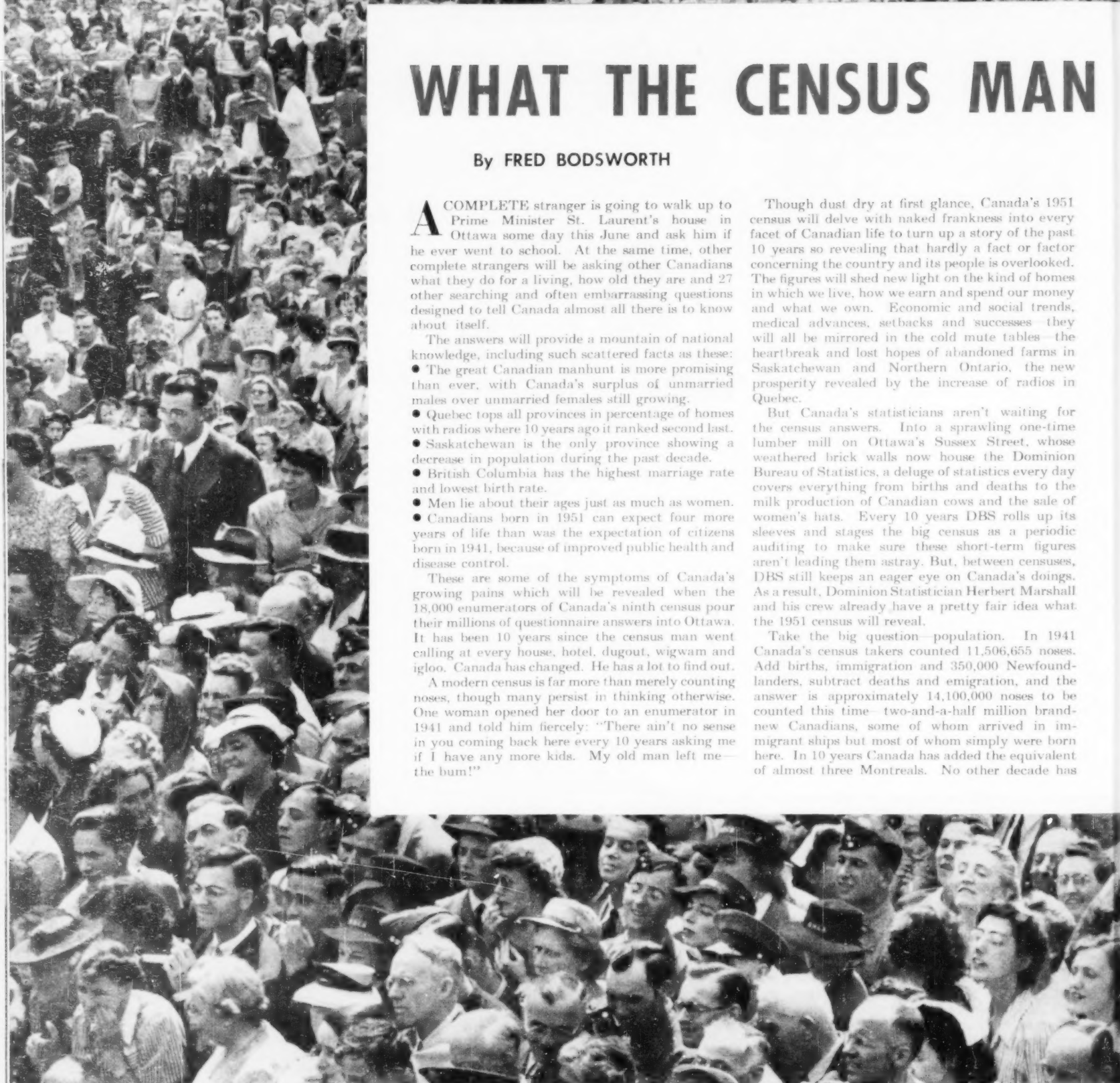
These are some of the symptoms of Canada's growing pains which will be revealed when the 18,000 enumerators of Canada's ninth census pour their millions of questionnaire answers into Ottawa. It has been 10 years since the census man went calling at every house, hotel, dugout, wigwam and igloo. Canada has changed. He has a lot to find out.

A modern census is far more than merely counting noses, though many persist in thinking otherwise. One woman opened her door to an enumerator in 1941 and told him fiercely: "There ain't no sense in you coming back here every 10 years asking me if I have any more kids. My old man left me—the bum!"

Though dust dry at first glance, Canada's 1951 census will delve with naked frankness into every facet of Canadian life to turn up a story of the past 10 years so revealing that hardly a fact or factor concerning the country and its people is overlooked. The figures will shed new light on the kind of homes in which we live, how we earn and spend our money and what we own. Economic and social trends, medical advances, setbacks and successes—they will all be mirrored in the cold mute tables—the heartbreak and lost hopes of abandoned farms in Saskatchewan and Northern Ontario, the new prosperity revealed by the increase of radios in Quebec.

But Canada's statisticians aren't waiting for the census answers. Into a sprawling one-time lumber mill on Ottawa's Sussex Street, whose weathered brick walls now house the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, a deluge of statistics every day covers everything from births and deaths to the milk production of Canadian cows and the sale of women's hats. Every 10 years DBS rolls up its sleeves and stages the big census as a periodic auditing to make sure these short-term figures aren't leading them astray. But, between censuses, DBS still keeps an eager eye on Canada's doings. As a result, Dominion Statistician Herbert Marshall and his crew already have a pretty fair idea what the 1951 census will reveal.

Take the big question—population. In 1941 Canada's census takers counted 11,506,655 noses. Add births, immigration and 350,000 Newfoundlanders, subtract deaths and emigration, and the answer is approximately 14,100,000 noses to be counted this time—two-and-a-half million brand-new Canadians, some of whom arrived in immigrant ships but most of whom simply were born here. In 10 years Canada has added the equivalent of almost three Montreals. No other decade has



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WILL FIND OUT

The census-taker will knock at your door soon to ask what's new and how things have been. He's already learned a lot since his last call—for instance that husbands are easier to catch and that men will lie about their ages too

seen that many new Canadians (the closest was 1,830,000 in 1901-11).

How come? Well, marriage and birth rates always head for the ceiling in wartime. Canada's birth rate was 20 per 1,000 of population in 1937 and 28.6 per 1,000 in 1947—about 130,000 additional babies per year. But the average Canadian family today is a bit smaller than in 1941. Average 1941 family was 3.9 persons, or roughly father, mother and two children. This was down to 3.7 in 1949 and may be down around 3.5 persons per family by June, 1951.

Quebec is still up top (4.5 persons per family in 1941, 4.3 in 1949) and British Columbia at the bottom (3.4 in 1941, 3.3 in 1949). An interesting feature of Canadian geography and life underlies these drab statistics. British Columbia, which boasts it's the only province with no winter, attracts a large number of people entering retirement, from Britain as well as from other parts of Canada. Thus, the province has the highest percentage of British-born residents and the highest percentage of old people. British Columbia has Canada's lowest

Continued on page 49



The Keewatin District enumerator started his census last fall before the big snows.



Since the 1941 census the McNaughtons of Malton, Ont., added six to the population.



THE UNKNOWN STAR OF THE MET

Otello Ceroni sticks his pale face out of a hole in the Metropolitan Opera stage and tells the stars what to do and when to do it. He is unknown and unhonored but Ezio Pinza calls him "the Toscanini of the prompters"

By MORTON HUNT



In his prompter's box Ceroni gets dust in his eyes, was struck by flying saucers and once cracked his head when dodging a horse.

NIGHT after night, during the glittering season of New York's Metropolitan Opera Company, a plump small grey-haired man does his evening's work at the edge of the stage, right in front of the critical eyes of thousands of opera-lovers who never see him.

He knows more scores, note for note and word for word, than any performer or musician at the Met, yet his name never even appears in the program notes. In the midst of pomp and pageantry he has one of the loneliest jobs in town; in the midst of cheers and *bravissimos* he earns never so much as a nod of the head. For he is the prompter—the man in the little tin box at the front of the world-famous stage.

Otello Ceroni, senior prompter at the Met, has a job second in importance only to that of the conductor; often the success or failure of the performance is in his hands. He is a musical encyclopedia: his personal repertoire of operas totals 182, which is six or seven times as many as

the average singer gets to know, and a lot more than even the veteran conductors know. In 28 years of prompting he has rolled up more than 3,000 performances, which puts even Lauritz Melchior in the shade.

In spite of all this Ceroni is truly the forgotten man of opera. Few people on the paying side of the footlights have ever heard of him. For that matter, many a great artist has come to the Met, stepped onto the stage for her first performance, taken her orders all evening from the face in the little box, been saved by it from making a dozen nervous blunders, and then gone home in triumph and glory without ever meeting the little man or learning his name.

Yet unapplauded Ceroni is, in spite of his anonymity, the opera stars' best friend. Any one of the great stars of the Met—Jan Peerce, Eleanor Steber, John Brownlee, Leonard Warren—may perform as many as five or even 10 different roles during a single season. Each role can average the

length of a straight dramatic part in a play; yet in addition to all the words of his role the star must remember every subtlety of music, timing and staging. He cannot fumble for his words or hesitate so much as a moment. The music marches on inexorably; it will not wait for him to remember. There is only one answer: he must have a spare memory, in the form of the cue-master in the little tin box.

Ceroni is more than a cue-master. He is, he says, "the chief of staff to the general," the general being the conductor. As second-in-command it is Ceroni who tells the singers when to begin every line, and with what words. He doesn't trust anybody to remember anything.

One soprano who has been at the Met 15 years has to say "si" at one point in a certain opera; it is her only word in 10 minutes of music. In 15 years Ceroni has never yet failed to whisper "si," pointing his finger at her, a few seconds before she is to sing the one word.

"Is not so strange," says Ceroni with a benign smile. "Because when artist is on the stage he has plenty of jobs, no? He must have somebody who help him. I do this. I protect him all the time." His pale intelligent face takes on the beneficent look of a rich man who is showering money upon beggars.

America's minor opera companies often work without prompters. A Met contralto was performing in Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" for a company in Newark not long ago without benefit of prompter. A soprano, who was also on the stage, forgot to sing at one point. The Met star repeated her line to cue the other; still no answer. There was an ominous pause from the orchestra, where the sweating conductor was stretching out a measure of silence.

"Go ahead," whispered the contralto fiercely. "You're supposed to come in with your 'E si amoroso' now."

"No I'm not," whispered the soprano. "You sing 'Che dite' first."

"Don't be ridiculous," said the contralto. "I know this opera."

"Don't tell me I'm ridiculous," said the soprano. "So do I."

From the orchestra pit the conductor suddenly bellowed out 'E si amoroso' in a voice the whole audience could hear. The soprano paled, straightened up, and the log-jam was broken. So was the mood of the whole scene.

Two days later the same contralto walked onto the Metropolitan stage in a regular evening performance. She glanced down affectionately to where the expressive face and beating hands of Otello Ceroni appeared above the floor. "Buona sera, caro Ceroni," she whispered in greeting. "Boy, am I glad to see you, pal."

Even the greatest of the stars cannot be expected to remember all their words and music all the time. Every reputation would be tarnished were it not for the attentive ministrations of prompters. The incomparable Kirsten Flagstad, according to music critic Howard Taubman, even fell asleep on stage one time and was only saved from disaster by a watchful prompter. It was in "Parsifal," an opera which, being five hours long, could put anyone to sleep. Flagstad had to lie quietly on a dark stage for a long while before doing her singing. The prompter (not Ceroni) saw her looking quiet and breathing deeply. One minute before her first line he began to whisper, snap his fingers, and call softly. About 10 seconds before her cue he pounded the floor and she awoke with a start, just in time.

Neither the thousands who attend opera, nor the millions who have laughed at cartoons dealing with prompters in their boxes, have any clear idea what the man does. It is nothing like the job of a prompter on Broadway. Ceroni doesn't wait for a pause or slip; he dare not. Instead, he always whispers or speaks out the first few words of each line a few seconds in advance of the right time, and even sings it out if the pitch of the note is difficult to find. As he gives the cue he points to the singer in question. When, as often happens, there are three, four, five or six lead singers all bellowing away at the same time Otello Ceroni is an extremely busy man.

Coming in with cues ahead of time is no easy matter; it's like trying to dance deliberately off-beat. Also, to find and keep an eye on the singers, who may be wandering around anywhere on the huge Met stage, is itself no mean trick. Yet this is only half the story. For Ceroni is, after all, only chief of staff, not general—and so he has to conduct the singers in accordance with the wishes of the conductor, who is about 20 feet back of him, across the orchestra pit.

It's all done by mirror. Ceroni's first job, when he crawls up the iron stairway from the basement and squirms his way into the small wooden chair mounted on it just under the metal hood, is to unpack his rear-view mirror, his only contact with the conductor. It is a little wrought-iron stand about a foot and a half tall with a round convex mirror on top. He stands the thing on stage, just to one side of his

Continued on page 47



At "Don Giovanni" rehearsal this is how Ceroni sees the cast. They take orders from his little box.



He hammers out a point with Met singers Ferruccio Tagliavini, Rose Bampton (left), Frances Greer.

The dark blob in foreground is opera's forgotten man, busy cueing a big cast in "Don Carlos."





WHAT TV WILL DO TO YOU

By DON MAGILL

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM WINTER

Television's critics and boosters in the U. S. are still arguing whether it's a good thing or not. But one thing seems certain: TV's going to change your life when it comes to Canada

THERE'S no doubt that when television finally does come to Canada—the first station is due to open this fall—it is going to make changes in *your* way of life. Whether the changes will be swift and sweeping (as in the U. S.) or mild and moderate (as in Britain) depends largely on what kind of TV we get. At the time of writing it seems that the CBC will okay a compromise between the two systems.

Perhaps 35,000 Canadian homes near the U. S. border already have TV sets, with their owners and their families getting dizzy staring at blurry images from distant transmitters. There's even a set in Alberta (cost: \$470) where reception would be limited to about 15 minutes every two months. But if the growth of TV in Canada paralleled that of the U. S. two out of every three homes might have a set by 1956.

In Britain, where non-commercial TV has been operating since 1937 (with a break during the war years), it created a flurry at the start but after about two years of two-hour nightly programs and occasional afternoon shows it seems to have become simply another highly interesting and very useful entertainment medium. But in the States, after five years of all-out commercial TV, it's brought about a social revolution.

The critics and boosters of American-brand TV are still arguing hotly. Seven major educational associations are currently urging the Federal Com-

munications Commission to reserve a portion of TV for non-commercial educational use. Allied with the educators are many women's groups and other organizations alarmed by the effects of commercial television on children.

Last fall a television dealers' and manufacturers' association ran an advertisement which solemnly intoned: "There are some things a son or daughter *won't* tell you!" The weeping little girl and the solemn-faced boy in the illustration were ashamed to admit that they were social outcasts because there was no TV set in their home. The advertisement, in 1,100 U. S. newspapers, instantly aroused a storm of protest. People apparently didn't like being told in print what they feared in private: not to own television in the U. S. today is to be behind the times and an outcast from a whole new world.

This is just a sample of what has happened in America's five years of television. Five years isn't long for a social revolution. That's the first thing you can learn about TV from observing the U. S.—it could make a violent and sudden change in Canadian ways.

Movie-makers and radio people hopefully predicted a long and sickly infancy for TV. A few years ago one radio wit chuckled nastily, "TV is definitely here to go." He couldn't have been more wrong.

From a few thousand sets in 1945, almost all

in the New York area, the total number in use climbed rapidly to a million by January, 1949. In another year it soared to 3,600,000. As 1951 came in, it had skyrocketed to somewhere above 9 millions. This growth surpassed all sane predictions.

Within the past two years 20,000 miles of coaxial cables, the special lines that pipe TV from one city to another, have been installed. More than 100 TV stations are operating. Nearly half the U. S. population is within telecast areas. By 1955, say industry leaders, there will be 30 million sets in use and the Federal Communications Commission hopes to allow more than 2,200 stations to operate.

So Real You'll Reach For It

In 1949 there were only 200 TV sets operating in Canada. A year later the figure had jumped to 32,000. It's expected that 50,000 more will be sold this year.

Britain has about 500,000 sets in the two areas served by transmitters—London and Birmingham. But there is a great unsatisfied demand.

The 9 million TV sets now in U. S. homes are still small in number compared with the 85 million radio sets. But in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, television pollsters claim their medium has already won 40% of the evening listening audience.

The combination of watching and listening is called "impact" by advertisers. A radio announcer can sing the praises of a glass of cold beer in rapturous tones. But on TV that same beer is poured out before your eyes, foaming up and frosting the glass with its coldness. Then a hand lifts it up and moves it toward the camera. The glass seems to be coming right out of the screen at you. As though poised at your lips, it tips up slowly and the beer drains out into some unseen gullet. "Ah," says the announcer. "Aaaah." That's "impact."

Trade papers are full of case histories which tell of advertisers having sold \$50,000 worth of furniture for an \$800 TV "spot announcement," and of \$10,000 worth of fur coats being grabbed up by customers after a 30-second commercial. Department stores, teachers, and parents know what "impact" means in terms of small boys: the Hopalong Cassidy cowboy fad is at its peak. These things explain why in 1948 U. S. advertisers spent \$8,700,000 on TV—and boosted it to \$35 millions in 1949.

Many of the great names in U. S. movies and radio are switching over to television as fast as they can. "Staying in radio," said ventriloquist





Perhaps more than anything else a television set will bring the family together. But if the children soak up cowboys and crime would we be much ahead? Grades are falling in many U. S. schools.

Edgar Bergen after 13 years as a top figure in that medium, "is like wearing the same old suit. For good or bad you should change." So saying, he and Charlie McCarthy signed up for a series of TV shows which began this past fall.

But reports that TV is draining the advertising pool dry seem premature, if not dead wrong. All the U. S. radio networks except CBS recorded a sharp drop in revenue last year but already this year the pendulum seems to have swung back. Variety, in an early January issue under the headline "Radio Rolls Back Into High," reported that as soon as the sales offices opened for the year the big networks were deluged with business. NBC, which had been toying with the idea of cutting rates, practically sold out in the first week and swiftly dropped the idea. Even Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony have found a radio sponsor this year. A soap company laid out a straight million dollars to CBS for a 15-minute afternoon serial.

In the magazine field, too, gloomy predictions of revenue and circulation decreases were wrong. In fact, latest figures from officially accepted sources show total advertising revenue in magazines at an all-time peak at the end of 1950. The 13 leading American magazines as a group showed a half-million circulation gain in 1950 and survey organizations were finding that magazine reading seemed as high in TV homes as in non-TV homes.

Hollywood's Got the Jitters

Newspapers have more than held their own. Last July they began an upward trend in revenue that has lifted them to the highest point ever.

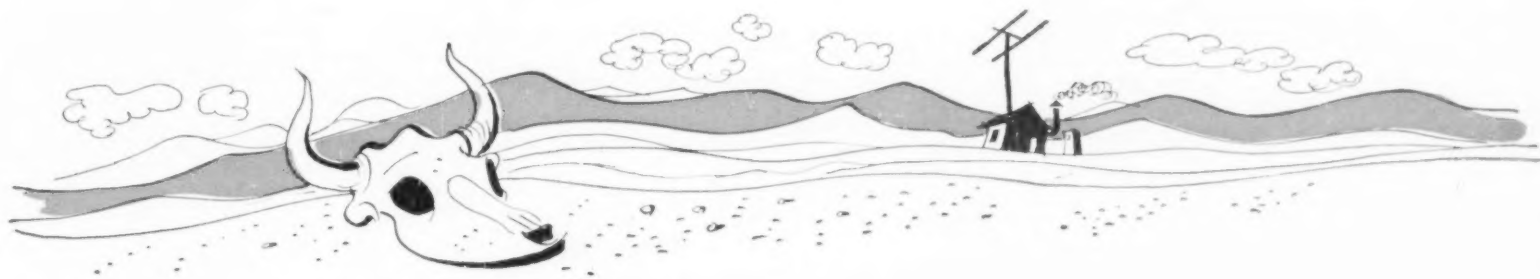
Widespread forecasts of a sharp drop in book reading because of TV also seem wide of the mark. The American Booksellers' Association, surveying sales of 340 leading bookshops in both TV and non-TV areas, announced recently that the "effect, if any, television is having on the book reading

and buying public . . . has been absolutely nil." Throughout October and November of last year, for instance, book sales in TV areas, instead of dropping sharply, rose more than 1%.

Movie-makers, though, seem really scared. In the first half of 1950, 580 U. S. movie houses (out of a total of 18,000) closed up. One typical story was that of a big investor in Union, New Jersey, who suddenly scrapped plans for building a handsome new movie house, put up a supermarket in its place, and said outright that the coming of TV was the reason.

Aiming right at the movie audience the Ford dealers started a program this season called "Ford Movie Night." Two and a half hours long, it bundles up a short comedy and a cowboy film; then, after the children are in bed, it gives the parents a feature film. "It gives the viewer double-feature enjoyment right in his own armchair," said a cheerful Ford dealer.

Paramount Films recently made a survey which



shows that people who own TV sets go to movies 20% to 30% less often. Charles Skouras, president of a 500-house national theatre chain, has said outright that TV is giving "terrific competition" to films.

And movie magnate Sam Goldwyn said in a discussion at the University of Denver that TV would force Hollywood to drop from the present 400-odd films a year to around 100 or 150 a year, all of the latter good. "Why should people go out to see bad films," he asked tartly, "when they can stay home and see bad TV?"

In British TV areas movie attendance dropped sharply when television was still a novelty but soon returned to normal.

This growth and power of the new industry is either fine or horrible, depending on where you stand. Boston University President Daniel Marsh states that "if the television craze continues with the present level of programs we are destined to have a nation of morons." But a school principal in Maryland decided that TV has knit families closer together, reduced street accidents to children, improved adolescent behavior, and cut down on "idle conversation."

Many sports managers have good reason to fear TV, in spite of the payments TV sponsors make for rights to telecast events. For one thing, a big sports event with an empty arena just doesn't have the right atmosphere. For another thing, baseball managers believe that although major-league games haven't suffered yet, people are staying away from the minor-league games in droves to watch the big-timers on television. Yet without the minor leagues, the whole recruiting system on which the sport is based will fall apart.

Expect an H-Shaped Jungle

Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators, predicted some months ago that by this coming season the major leagues will forbid baseball telecasts. Elsewhere similar moves are being made: the Western Conference of college football teams has banned telecasting of live games by its members. The Kentucky Derby management stoutly refuses to grant telecasting rights to anyone.

Whether such boycotts can stand up remains to be seen. Sports officials in Cleveland, Ohio, have already reported that amusement tax receipts are down 16.6%.

In Britain, too, sports promoters banded together to shut out TV, but the reaction from the public was so strong that the BBC set up an advisory committee to study the issue. It recommended that 100 major sports events be televised each year, the selection to be made by the committee.

One thing worriers tell themselves is that no one can really see the long-range effects. When radio came in the phonograph seemed doomed and sales of recordings were poor for some years. But as the vast new audience for popular and classical music was built up the record business grew bigger and healthier than ever before. Whether in future years TV will do the same for those it is now throttling, no one knows.

These are only the beginning of the effects of TV on the life and habits of the people of the U. S. Others are visible everywhere. Store windows are jammed with TV sets, replacing radios and records. The fight over color television ranks with major congressional news on the front pages. Big gleaming TV transmission trucks are a common sight in New York, Hollywood, and Chicago. You can see them parked on side streets with their heavy black cables running through a nearby window to cameras inside where some celebrity is having his breakfast before the eyes of thousands.

Cameras on street corners or on top of moving trucks have become so commonplace that passers-by automatically grin and wave, hoping to be seen by friends somewhere. Big cluttered brilliantly lit TV studios have sprouted all over New York in old warehouses, in empty lofts, and in pre-empted legitimate theatres (16 of which have succumbed to radio and TV in the past several years). In



Hollywood, CBS is beginning to spend about \$35 millions on a five-building "TV City" that will rival the major movie studios.

The very look of your home neighborhood will change when TV comes. There will be a forest of stiff, H-shaped aluminum antennae on the roofs; and in the dense apartment districts it will become a veritable jungle. In New York worried Fire Department officials consider them a hazard to fire fighters. Antennae cause fights between landlords and tenants, are considered a blight by sensitive home builders and are a pleasure to no one except wing-weary migratory fowl.

American interior decorators fought TV and lost. TV sets now look like TV sets in most new designs, with their naked faces out front. Not content with this they are forcing other pieces of furniture to conform. Chairs are now made on rubber wheels, for greater viewing usefulness. Interior decorators furnish and arrange the living room with the telescreen as the focus of the plan. Several high-priced designers create nothing but "television furniture."

Some house builders are even making TV basic in their plans. Built-in sets in the living room walls, for instance, are a big selling point in the houses of Levittown, Long Island, America's biggest private low-cost housing venture.

Will We All Be Teledidiots?

It is on your private home life that TV can have its greatest effect, however. So far, no complete sociological analyses have been released, but all signs from the States point to great changes in family and home patterns. When the University of Southern California asked questions of 800 families many a wife reported a new source of annoyance—her husband no longer would take her out at night, but preferred to stay at home and watch the set. On the other hand, the screen was definitely bringing the family together in the home again—but not necessarily in a face-to-face relation. "Though people sat in the same room, they scarcely saw or spoke to each other, the report found.

What unrestricted TV could do to your children is worth thinking about. A teacher in Melrose, Mass., writes that since her pupils have "gotten TV" they are horrifyingly gun-conscious (many children's programs in the U. S. consist of warmed-over Western movies). They are chronically tired and jaded from too much watching. "They have no sense of values, no feeling of wonder, no sustained interest," she complains.

In Stamford, Conn., a junior high-school principal named Joseph Franchina questioned his 223 students and found that 50% were averaging four hours a day in front of TV sets—as much time per week as they spent in school. The results were obvious: Franchina's failure list was getting longer each semester.

Mothers who want their kids to be quiet, or who have trouble getting them to eat, are blessing TV as a miracle. But giving daily doses of such an anodyne to children may make them dopes in every sense of the word. They may all grow to be, as Ogden Nash says, teledidiots.

In contrast to all this gloom, hearken to the following words of sweetness and light: "What is television doing to our children? It will make them happier, better informed. . . . It will acquaint them with the people who govern us, with the plays and books which have formed our literary heritage, and with the manners and habits and speech of our people. . . . It will make them better citizens." The speaker? Leon Levine, director of Discussion Broadcasts for the CBS network.

Enough of these storm warnings. Television is going to change your life to some degree for better or worse, and you ought to know the worst. But there is a better side. As an entertainment medium for sheer relaxation in the comfort and privacy of the home it is unbeatable—when the programs happen to be good.

You can sit in your easy chair, collar unbuttoned, shoes off, refreshments at hand, and have the great stars of Broadway and the screen act for you. The world's great plays are yours, almost free, and right at hand. Stars of the Metropolitan sing and act for you. Comedians relax you and athletes thrill you. You not only hear the news, but you get to see rush films of historic events the very day they are taking place. In these many ways your life can, and will, become infinitely richer and more varied. It's all up to the programmers—which is why the kind of control the CBC exerts on radio in Canada may be just what U. S. television needs, and isn't getting.

Berle Goes Big With Beer-nursers

The basis of old-fashioned democracy was the town meeting, where people got to see and hear each other. That isn't possible today, but TV brings it a little closer than it has been. U. S. political candidates are having to face the cameras day after day and be exposed pitilessly. The fine ringing statements a politician used to hand out to the Press aren't enough. In round-table discussions and unrehearsed debates the man will reveal his real self. On the other hand, there is always the danger that a spellbinder and tub thumper will have vastly greater chances to influence new millions of listeners.

As to TV's effects on other departments of our lives, they may not prove so dreadful after a while. A generation ago, in the days of crystal sets, radio addicts used to sit entranced with their earphones on all evening. As radio grew up, so did the movies and so did people themselves. They learned to take radio or leave it alone. TV, having initially dislodged our habits, may be pushed back into its corner by forces as yet unknown.

One thing is certain: nothing is certain. A couple of years back TV was a big specialty of U. S. bars. Every drinking place had a big sign plastered on the window, reading "Television tonight." It dragged in lots of extra customers and operators were ecstatic. But as more and more sets entered U. S. homes the kind of folks who went to the bar to see television changed. The spenders put their money into TV for their homes.

The bars are still crowded but, as one New York bartender said the other day, "Things has gone to pot all of a suddint. These bums, they come in here and nurse a 10-cent beer for an hour while they watch Milton Berle. They fill up the joint, but they don't buy nothin'. This television, it's ruinin' my place. I'm goin' to t'row it out, you watch if I don't." ★

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"Best wishes" live on and on
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Color snapshots say it's "something special"

Family events such as an anniversary or a birthday call for snapshots in gorgeous full color, made with Kodacolor Film. You'll find it's easy to use in your camera. Just follow the instructions packed with every roll.

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Wonderful gift for any occasion—a Kodak or Brownie camera



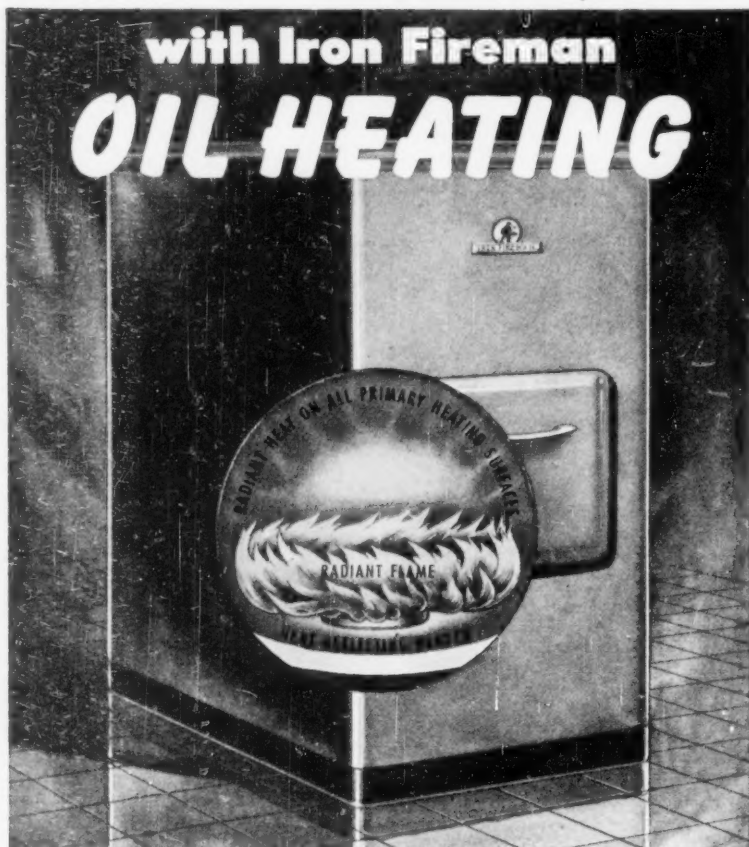
Sparkling "flash" pictures — brilliant snapshots indoors or out — are easily yours with Kodak's finest folding camera, the "Tourist." Models from \$26 to \$100. Flashholder with guard, \$14. Prices subject to change without notice. Consult your dealer.

Tear off this corner as a reminder to get some Kodak Film. Size

...and you needn't
worry about
their comfort



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This Iron Fireman Oil Furnace has the
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H EAT quickly fills your home when you have an Iron Fireman Vortex oil burner. The Iron Fireman Radiant Vortex fire is a whirling, bowl-shaped flame that acts directly on the heating surfaces of your furnace or boiler. Flame reaches top operating efficiency within a few seconds.

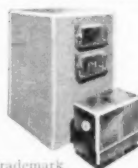
This quick-acting Iron Fireman Vortex oil burner uses fuel sparingly. It operates economically with a supersensitive Iron Fireman thermostat—set to turn the burner on or off with the slightest change in temperature.

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something new and different in oil heating. Oil savings are a demonstrated fact in thousands of Canadian homes. Mail Coupon for full description of Iron Fireman Radiant Vortex heating.

VORTEX CONVERSION BURNER

Turns your present furnace or boiler into an efficient oil heating plant. Unusual fuel economy is due to the bowl-shaped radiant fire located above the grate line. Whirling flame sweeps hearth and sidewalls.



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IRON FIREMAN

oil heating



Ask for "The Magic of the Radiant Fire," sent free. Use this coupon. Address: Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 61, 80 Ward St., Toronto, Ont. Other plants in Portland, Oregon; Cleveland, Ohio. Dealers everywhere.

Name
Address
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Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



DIAL 1119: An occasionally interesting suspense yarn about a mad gunman who traps five carefully assorted persons in a bar and threatens to wipe them out unless the police let him see his psychiatrist. Not a bad little melodrama.

HARVEY: Although less absorbing than the stage play in which Frank Fay was so wonderful, the movie starring James Stewart adds up to an evening of pleasant entertainment. The ambling Mr. S. appears as that fanciful tippler, Elwood P. Dowd, whose dearest friend is an invisible six-foot rabbit.

HUNT THE MAN DOWN: Just for a change, the handsome detective (Gig Young) in this whodunit doesn't fall in love with one of his suspects, or with anyone else, either. Instead, the fellow and his one-armed father go about their sleuthing with admirable single-mindedness. The story, I'm sorry to add, crumbles badly in the final 15 minutes.

LAST HOLIDAY: Alec Guinness, who played eight roles in "Kind Hearts and Coronets," turns up this time in an assignment not so spectacular but nonetheless rewarding to an audience. He is a colorless salesman of farm tools who, on being told that a painless ailment is going to end his life in a few weeks, blows his savings on a last-fling vacation in a swank resort.

THE MINIVER STORY: A sequel, not only tardy but tiresome, to 1942's "Mrs. Miniver," with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon again embodying British middle-class fortitude.

ODETTE: A British film, based on the true story of a Frenchwoman who won the George Cross for her work as a British agent in Nazi-occupied France. I find it fundamentally shallow, with the able and willing Anna Neagle out of her depth in the title role.

SEPTEMBER AFFAIR: An implausible romance between married engineer Joseph Cotten and spinster pianist Joan Fontaine, much of it photographed against an eye-filling backdrop of lovely Italian scenery.

STATE SECRET: Humor and excitement are pleasurably compounded in this smooth literate thriller. It's a British job starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as an American surgeon who has to run for his life from the bloodhounds of a European police state.

WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER: Plenty of pictures rated variously as "good," "excellent" or "tops" are listed below, but "fair" is the best I can do in behalf of this slow, muted melodrama. It's about a reformed thief (Joseph Cotten) whose past overtakes him. Valli, as a beauty in a wheel chair, is the lady in his life.

GILMOUR RATES . . .

All About Eve: Satiric comedy. Tops.
American Guerrilla in the Philippines: War and romance. Fair.
Annie Get Your Gun: Musical. Good.
Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent.
Beaver Valley: Wildlife short. Tops.
Bicycle Thief: Tragi-comedy. Tops.
Black Rose: Costumed drama. Poor.
Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good.
Born to Be Bad: Drama. Poor.
Branded: "Big" western. Poor.
Breaking Point: Melodrama. Good.
Breakthrough: War drama. Fair.
Broken Arrow: Western. Good.
Cage of Gold: Melodrama. Poor.
Champagne for Caesar: Comedy. Fair.
Cinderella: Disney fantasy. Excellent.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Tops.
Comanche Territory: Western. Good.
Convicted: Prison drama. Good.
Crisis: Tropical suspense. Good.
Dark City: Crime, suspense. Fair.
Departed: Crime drama. Fair.
Destination Moon: Space drama. Good.
Devil's Doorway: Western. Fair.
Fancy Pants: Bob Hope farce. Good.
Father of the Bride: Comedy. Fair.
Flame and the Arrow: Drama. Fair.
For Heaven's Sake: Comedy. Fair.
Fuller Brush Girl: Comedy. Fair.
Glass Menagerie: Family drama. Fair.
Happiest Days of Your Life: Old-school comedy. Excellent.
Harriet Craig: Comedy drama. Fair.
Hasty Heart: Tragi-comedy. Good.
I'll Get By: Musical farce. Fair.
The Jackpot: Comedy. Good.
Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy and murders. Excellent for adults.
King Solomon's Mines: Jungle epic. Tops.
Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye: Crime. Fair.

The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.
Let's Dance: Musical. Good.
The Men: Hospital drama. Excellent.
The Milkman: Durahite farce. Good.
Mister 880: Comedy. Excellent.
Mr. Music: Crosby musical. Fair.
Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent.
Next Voice You Hear: Drama. Fair.
Night and the City: Crime drama. Good.
Night Train (re-issue): Suspense. Good.
No Way Out: Racial drama. Good.
Our Very Own: Family drama. Fair.
Panic in the Streets: Crime. Excellent.
Petty Girl: Comedy and music. Good.
Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good.
Pretty Baby: Comedy. Fair.
Quiet One: Documentary. Excellent.
Riding High: Turf comedy. Good.
Right Cross: Boxing drama. Fair.
Rio Grande: "Big" western. Fair.
711 Ocean Drive: Crime. Fair.
So long at the Fair: Suspense. Fair.
So Young, So Bad: Girls in jail. Fair.
Stage Fright: Comic suspense. Good.
Summer Stock: Musical. Good.
Sunset Boulevard: Drama. Tops.
They Were Not Divided: War. Fair.
Three Husbands: Comedy. Poor.
Three Secrets: Drama. Fair.
Tight Little Island: Comedy. Tops.
The Titan: Art Documentary. Tops.
Toast of New Orleans: Musical. Poor.
To Please a Lady: Love, action. Fair.
Train of Events: Drama. Fair.
Treasure Island: Boy Adventure. Good.
Trio: 3 comedy-dramas. Excellent.
Tripoli: Desert melodrama. Poor.
Two Flags West: Western. Good.
Two Weeks With Love: Musical. Fair.
Union Station: Kidnapping. Good.
Wagonmaster: Western. Good.
West Point Story: Musical. Poor.
Winchester '73: Western. Good.
Woman in Question: Whodunit. Good.

"When Should a Family Borrow?"

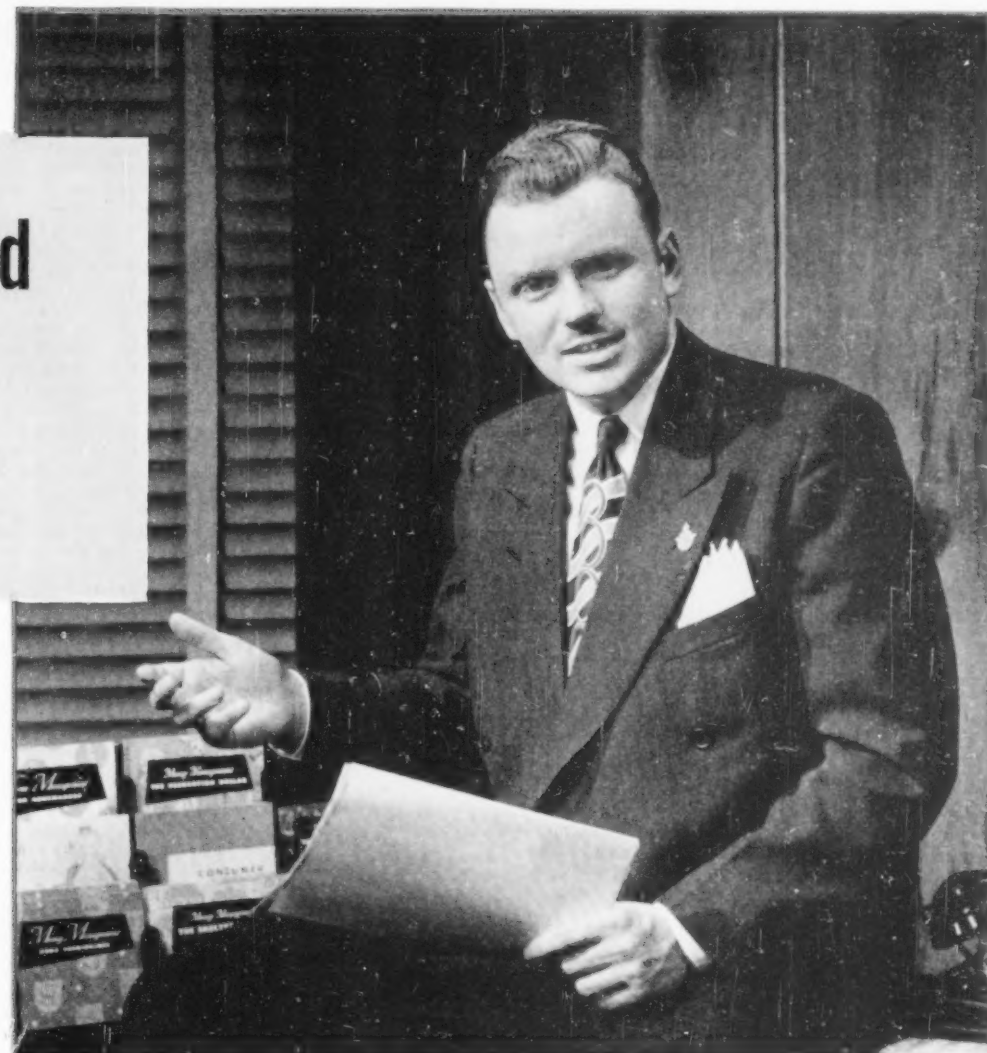


"A family should borrow only when a loan is the best solution to a money problem"

I EXPLAINED this to a couple who dropped in to see me last week. They needed \$250 to clean up old debts. During our discussion of their problem the question came up—*should* they borrow the money?

"I told them Household Finance answers their question this way: *A family should borrow only for a worth-while purpose.* Well, this certainly applies to paying old debts. There are many *other* good reasons for borrowing, I told them, such as to pay medical bills, home or car repairs, taxes, travel expense, fuel, education, and to take advantage of business opportunities.

"Then a family should borrow only when



C. L. Newton is manager of the Household Finance office at 47 Sackville St., Halifax, N. S.

by careful planning the money problem can be resolved, and the loan repaid in an orderly manner. Household Finance repayment plans are designed to meet this need, and planned to fit the borrower's income.

"When a family borrows under these circumstances—for a worth-while purpose—and repays conveniently out of its income, then

it is simply 'renting' money to improve its position on terms it can afford.

"I make prompt cash loans to thousands of families under just these conditions. Over 125 other branch offices of Household Finance offer the same constructive money service to families throughout the ten provinces of Canada."

MONEY WHEN YOU NEED IT

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE

Corporation of Canada

Phone Book Lists Office Nearest You



Backed by 73 Years' Experience

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Bradbury, the press agent for Mars, is serious about science.

WEVE always thought of Ray Bradbury as a veteran science fiction writer with a faraway look in his elderly eyes from peering into space in an effort to get a line on the Martians for stories like "The Rocket Man" on page 14. He's a veteran all right because his stories have been appearing in the pulps, and more recently in the slicks, for years; but, as we learned to our surprise the other day, he's no grey-beard. He was born in Waukegan, Ill., the home town of Jack Benny, in 1920.

"I believe science fiction should emphasize human values over and above science and gadgetry," he told us. He sees it as a serious and entertaining fiction form which can be used to illustrate the troubles we have on this planet.

He has published two books of his short stories and another, "The Illustrated Man," is coming out this month under the Doubleday imprint.

• The idea for the story about *Maestro Cerini* on page 20 came from Morton Hunt's wife, Lois, a singer at the Metropolitan who is



Lois Hunt sings with the Met, gives her husband story ideas.

described by her husband as "a 25-year-old brunette and very nice, too."

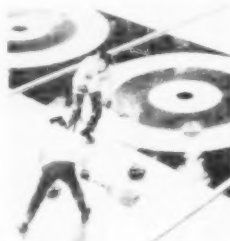
As winner of the Met Auditions

of the Air in 1949, Miss Hunt (she's Miss Hunt professionally and Mrs. Hunt socially) went to the famous opera company with which she sang five roles, the most important of which was Musetta in "La Bohème," in her first season. Canadian radio listeners heard her in that role in the last broadcast of the 1949-50 season.

This season she sang Adele in the brilliant new production of "Die Fledermaus."

"But on her first appearance in a Met performance she was considerably startled to see an unfamiliar face in the prompter's box, scowling and smiling alternately at the singers," writes Mr. Hunt of his wife's first encounter with the unknown star of the opera. "She was interested to see that even the mightiest members of the cast were taking orders from him. After the performance she went backstage to thank the man who had helped her through her debut but he had slipped away unnoticed. When she told me about him I started wondering what sort of a guy he was and what his job was like."

THE COVER



REX WOODS, while gathering material for this cover, spent many evenings in various Toronto curling rinks suitably disguised in a Balmoral and circulating his one-eighth Scottish blood near the surface. He also looked at color movies of the Canadian Curling Championships, which, incidentally, are being held in Halifax from the 6th to the 10th of this month.

"I was much impressed, as a painter, with the brushwork of the players," Woods told us. "But, as much as I admire it, I feel it's a technique I can't very well adapt to my studio."

He was impressed, too, by the exchange of handshakes and felicitations at the end of each game. "Too bad some of our hockey teams don't use a little of this," he mused in our hearing.

Things That Dollars Can't Buy

Continued from page 5

knew nothing about the intervention in Korea until Prime Minister Attlee stopped a debate on steel to tell us the thing had begun.

Undoubtedly the United Nations authorized and ordered the action against North Korea but it is difficult to believe anything else but that the conception was American. Nor do I deny that it was a great moment in history when America showed she was determined to match resolution with the might that she had attained in the world. But the picture of a group of indomitable foreigners at Lake Success ordering the U. S. Navy, Army and Air Force to open fire just does not carry conviction.

Right or wrong, Korea was a plan born in the American mind.

America has always been peculiarly sensitive to the menace of the Far East. Whatever aggressor arose in Europe there were always Great Britain and France to constitute a first line of defense. But there was nothing between the western coast of the U. S. and the Yellow Peril except small powers with only a limited striking force.

It is barely remembered now that when war broke out in 1914, Japan, as Britain's faithful ally, came in at once and even offered to send an army to Europe. The British toyed with the idea but it was obvious that American opinion was heavily against it.

When the 1914-18 war was over, and the financial power of the world had passed from London to New York, the Americans began to bring heavy pressure on Britain to end the alliance with Japan. The Americans saw great danger in a modernized, mechanized Japan determined on an expansionist policy in Asia. They may have been right. On the other hand there were many of us in Britain who felt that a strong Japan might be a useful counterpoise to revolutionary Russia.

But the British had embarked upon the policy of "America right or wrong—America!" We were heavily in debt to her. With deep misgivings but with hope that time would prove us right we ended one of the most loyal alliances that ever existed—the alliance of Japan and Britain.

Thus was broken the last link of Japan and the Western world. The militarists and extremists in that land of scented mists seized power without difficulty. It might have happened anyway, but we played our part in creating a Prussia of the East. Looking back now we can see that it was the wrong decision. And since Great Britain took that decision the blame must rest with her, but not the entire blame. America, with her weakness for the short-term view in world affairs, was an accessory before and after the act.

I am not trying to be wise after the event, which is so easy to a writer, but I helped to organize the vote of 90 in the House of Commons against the American Loan, and I led a rebellion of 12 members against Britain accepting Marshall Aid. My principal reason was that if Britain became a satellite of the U. S. the world would lose the strength and sagacity of the British Empire as a central mediating influence between Communist Russia and American individualism.

Instead of that, the authority of the Western world was centred in Washington. The British Foreign Office had become an overseas branch of the State Department. I do not enjoy

writing those words, but they are true.

In an attempt to establish something of its former independence the British Government decided to recognize the Communists as the *de facto* government of China. The Americans would not follow our lead. But why not? By what process of logic can you recognize Communist Russia and refuse recognition to China? Communist China, as a member of the United Nations, would have had to accept her share of responsibility for the Korean affair and might indeed have had a moderating influence. Instead of that we either brought China into the war against us or gave her an excuse to intervene—it does not matter greatly which is true—and Russia had scored an immense victory at no cost to herself.

If, in New York, I put this point of view to my American friends they would probably retort: "Well, at least we are not a bunch of appeasers like you were at Munich." That is an effective charge—forceful, concise and damaging. But surely appeasement is the very basis of international relations, just as it is the basis of human society.

Certainly there was stark, naked aggression in Korea but there was stark, naked aggression in a dozen countries and territories. Did Korea offer the time, the place and the justification for war by the United Nations? Nothing can take away the splendor of the decision by the free world to meet force with force—but was this the moment?

I venture the suggestion that the American mind is still traditionally absorbed with the Far East almost to the exclusion of the real threat, which is in Europe. I maintain that the whole conception of the Korea campaign was American and that even if all the members of the United Nations had played their part as manfully as the U. S., the situation would have been dominated by the Chinese and the cruel winter weather.

Rebuilding on the Ruins

I find the state of American opinion deeply disturbing. It is not rational, for even at home they blame Dean Acheson although his policy was to do everything to avoid direct conflict with China. Nor do they enhance their dignity when they ask what Britain and the other Marshall-Aided countries are doing for the money given them. It was not written in the bond that Marshall Aid was intended to create battalions of mercenaries to guard America from aggression.

I believe profoundly in the English-speaking leadership of the free world but I do not and never will believe in an American leadership of the world. Geographically, temperamentally and historically the United States is too remote from the centre of things. In fairness, too, let it be admitted that Britain's foreign policy in the last five years has been opportunist rather than fundamental, which is part of the heavy price paid for Churchill's dismissal by the electorate in 1945. Nothing we have gained in social services can count against the steady weakening of Britain in foreign affairs.

Now we must rebuild on the ruins of Korea. Chastened by defeat and grievously sorrowed by the slaughter and mutilation of the young men of yet another generation, we must drop our differences and recriminations, achieving a unity of purpose and a strength of armaments that will give pause to any aggressor.

But in all sincerity I would appeal to the American Press and the American politicians to stop asking: "What did we get for our dollars?" The days of the mercenary are over. ★

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YOU'LL FIND THAT YOU GET

THE GOOD THINGS FIRST

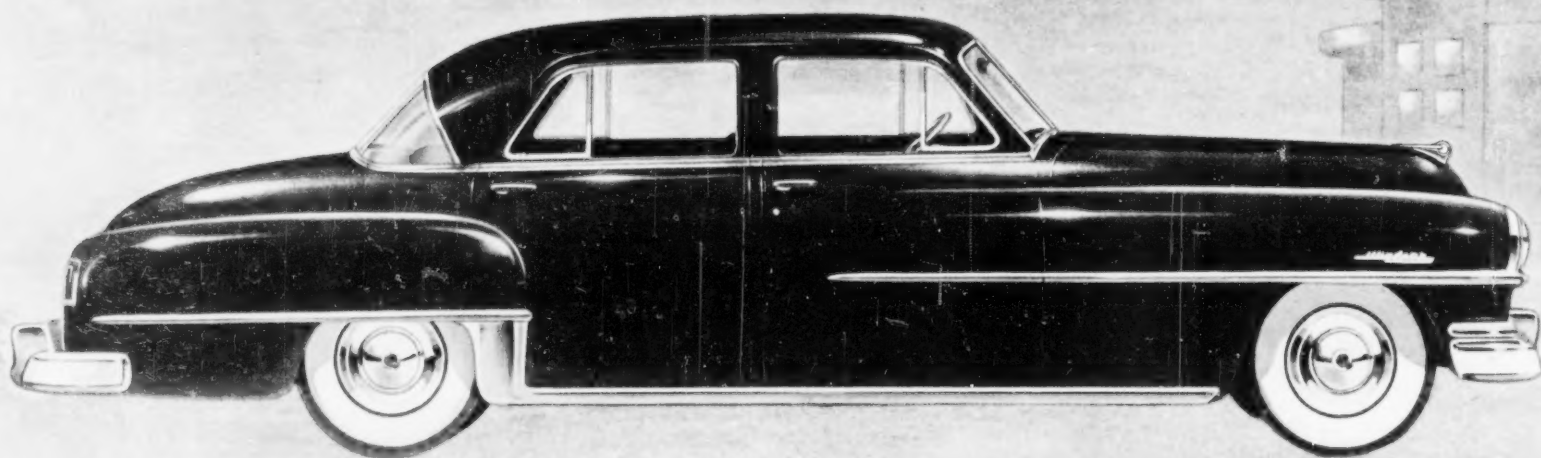
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Front seat or back, you ride in luxurious comfort on knee-level seats, with plenty of head, leg and elbow room.



A new, bigger engine combines with "Tip-Toe" shift and gyro Fluid Drive to give you the smoothest, easiest ride of your life... and "Tip-Toe" transmission lets you drive without shifting.



The Distinctive New 1951 **DeSoto Custom**

Once again DeSoto presents Canada's Distinctive Automobile — designed to delight the most critical eye and

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Your Dodge-DeSoto dealer invites you to come in and learn all that is new about the 1951 DeSoto. Arrange today for your introduction to the "Ride that's a Revelation".

...lets you drive without shifting



Whitewall tires optional, at extra cost.



THE CRANBROOK FOUR-DOOR SEDAN

Exciting! eight models
new performance
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THE CAMBRIDGE FOUR-DOOR SEDAN
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THE CONCORD THREE-PASSENGER COUPE

The new Plymouth goes far beyond being exciting to the eye! For 1951, Plymouth considers your personal comfort as never before in a low-priced car. It brings new interior colour harmonies—and designing that gives you many Style, Safety, Performance and Economy "big-car" features not combined in any competitive automobile.

There are big, wide-opening doors that let you get in and out easily—chair-high seats that help you sit comfortably erect and drive relaxed—spacious interiors with "top-hat" head room and stretch-out leg room.

Drive a new 1951 Plymouth! You'll discover many convenience features—such as automatic choke with Ignition-key starting. With your first ride you'll agree Plymouth's smooth performance and Air Pillow Ride are excitingly—pleasantly—different.

See the 8 exciting new Plymouth models now! Your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo dealer has them on display to-day.

Whitewall tires optional, at extra cost.

PLYMOUTH

THE BIG-VALUE CAR OF

First in Comfort and Safety...

DODGE

- the choice
in 1951



because they're "Built Around People"

The moment you open the door of a new 1951 Dodge, you'll realize that it sets a new high in comfort and safety in its price class. The big, wide-opening doors let you get in and out without crouching or twisting. Interiors are designed to let you relax — with plenty of head, leg, and shoulder room. You sit on chair-height seats with a broad, safe view of the road through the new, wider windshield and rear window. The rigid steel body, finger-tip steering and "balanced" four-wheel brakes let you drive confidently — in safety. Your Dodge dealer invites you to drive one of these great new Dodge cars . . . to test its comfort, smoothness and safety in traffic and on the highway. *Let performance convince you.*

Dodge Regent
Club Coupe



New Dodge
Savoy



Dodge Crusader
4-Door Sedan



Dodge Kingsway
3-Passenger Coupe



Dodge Kingsway
2-Door Sedan



Dodge Regent
4-Door Sedan

White sidewall tires optional, at extra cost.

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DODGE CORONET 4-DOOR SEDAN.
White sidewall tires optional at extra cost.

Dodge leader for 1951
the new **DODGE** *Coronet*

The exquisite, longer-wheelbase Dodge Coronet for 1951 sets a new standard in roomy comfort and smooth riding. You can get in and out without twisting or crouching... relax in comfort in the roomy interior.

Dodge gyrol Fluid Drive (standard equipment) makes the Coronet smoother and easier to handle... helps prevent skidding on mud, ice or snow.

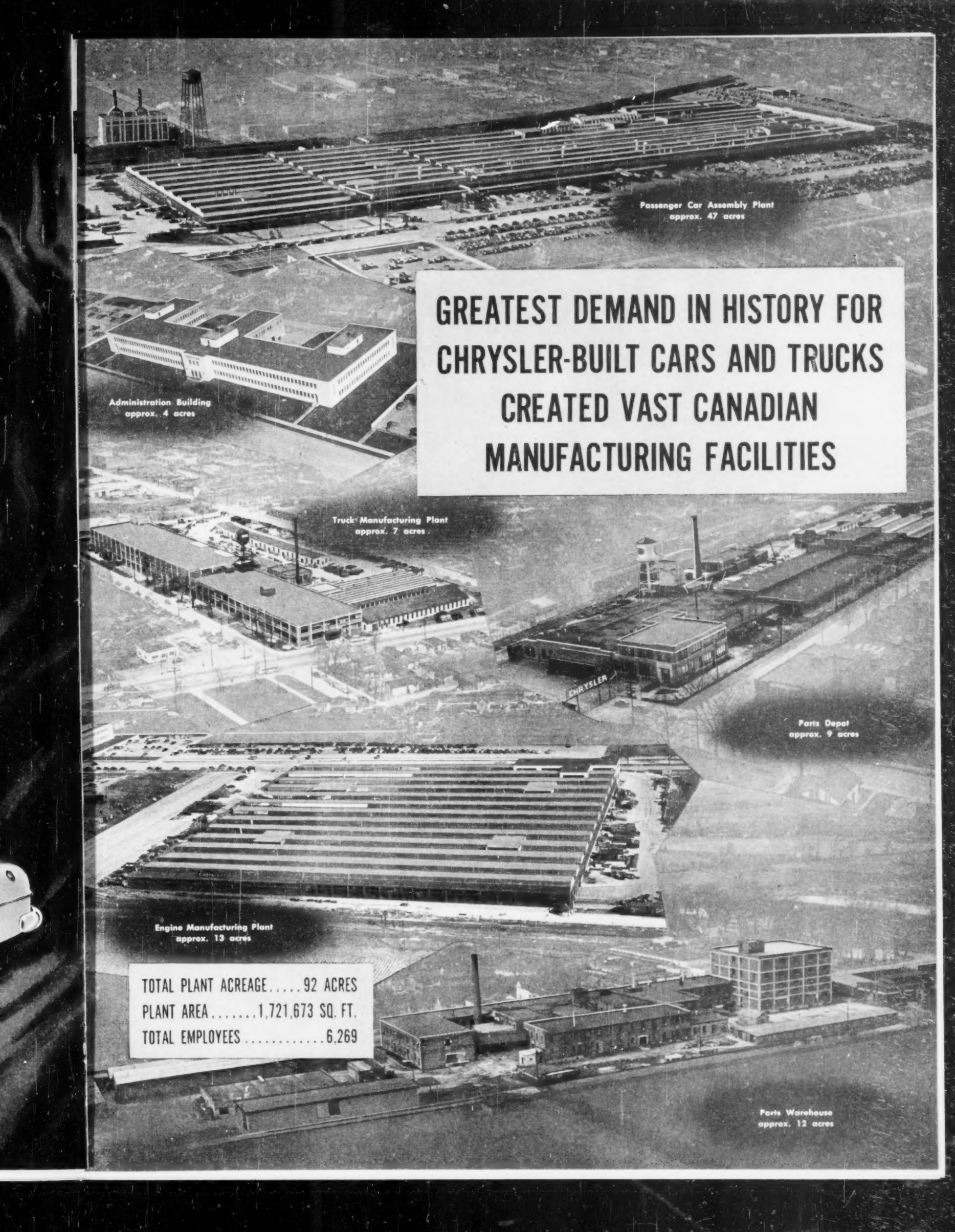
See the new Coronet at your Dodge-DeSoto dealer's... sit in it... drive it. Its comfort and performance will thrill you—its moderate cost will really surprise you.



Gyro-Matic transmission, available on Dodge Coronet models at extra cost, gives you the ultimate in smooth relaxed driving—lets you drive all day without shifting gears.

DODGE CORONET CLUB COUPE.
White sidewall tires optional at extra cost.





Passenger Car Assembly Plant
approx. 47 acres

GREATEST DEMAND IN HISTORY FOR CHRYSLER-BUILT CARS AND TRUCKS CREATED VAST CANADIAN MANUFACTURING FACILITIES

Administration Building
approx. 4 acres

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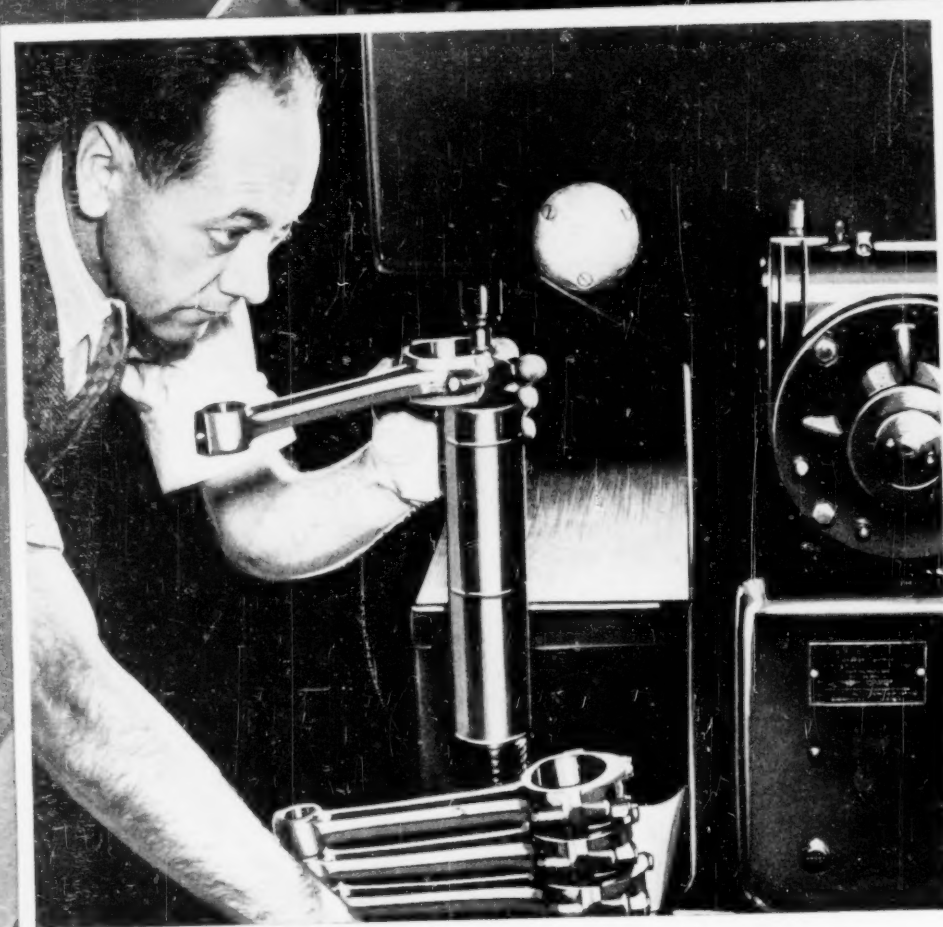
Parts Depot
approx. 9 acres

Engine Manufacturing Plant
approx. 13 acres

TOTAL PLANT ACREAGE..... 92 ACRES
PLANT AREA..... 1,721,673 SQ. FT.
TOTAL EMPLOYEES..... 6,269

Parts Warehouse
approx. 12 acres

OVER 5 MILES OF CONVEYORS FEED FINAL ASSEMBLY

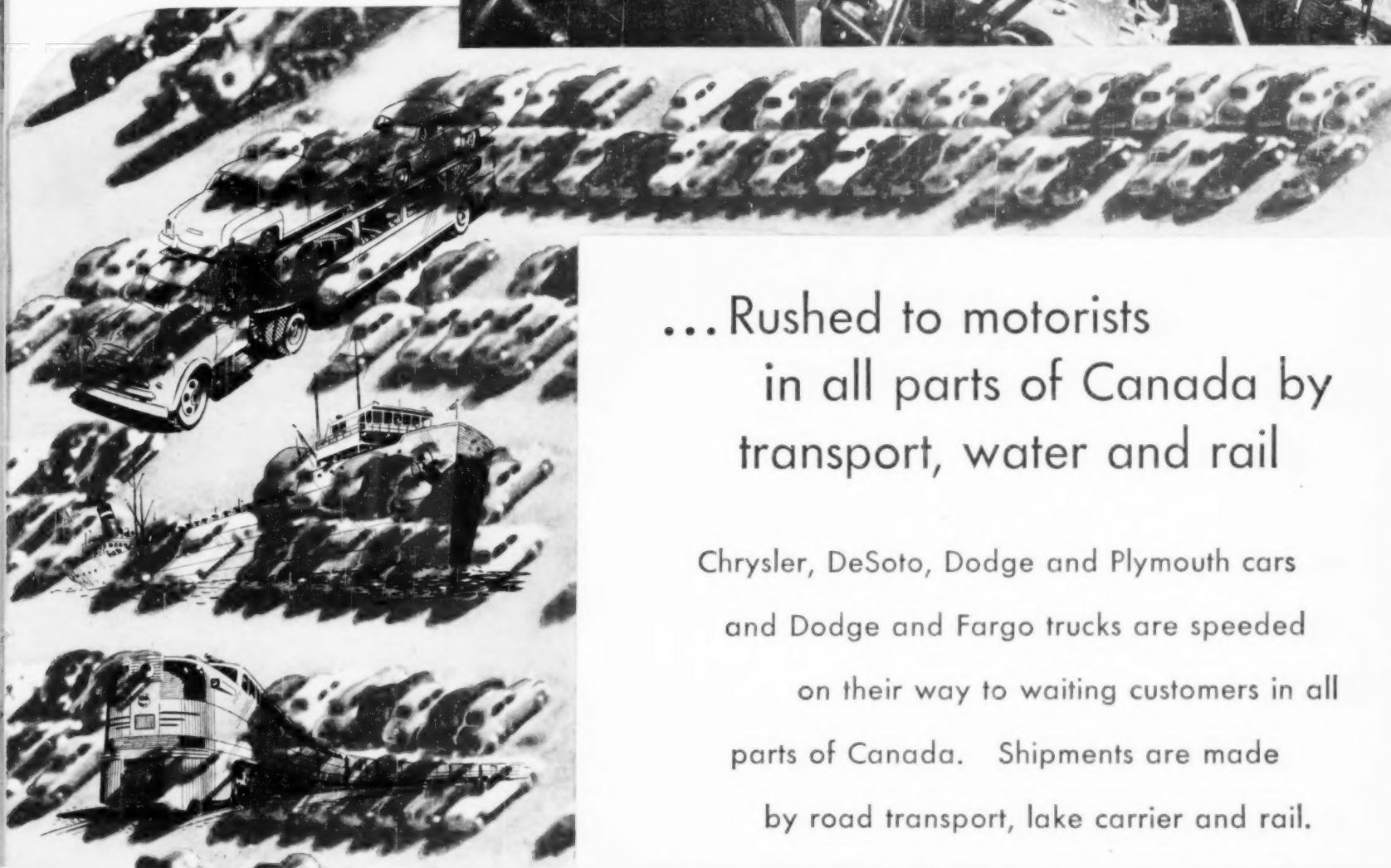
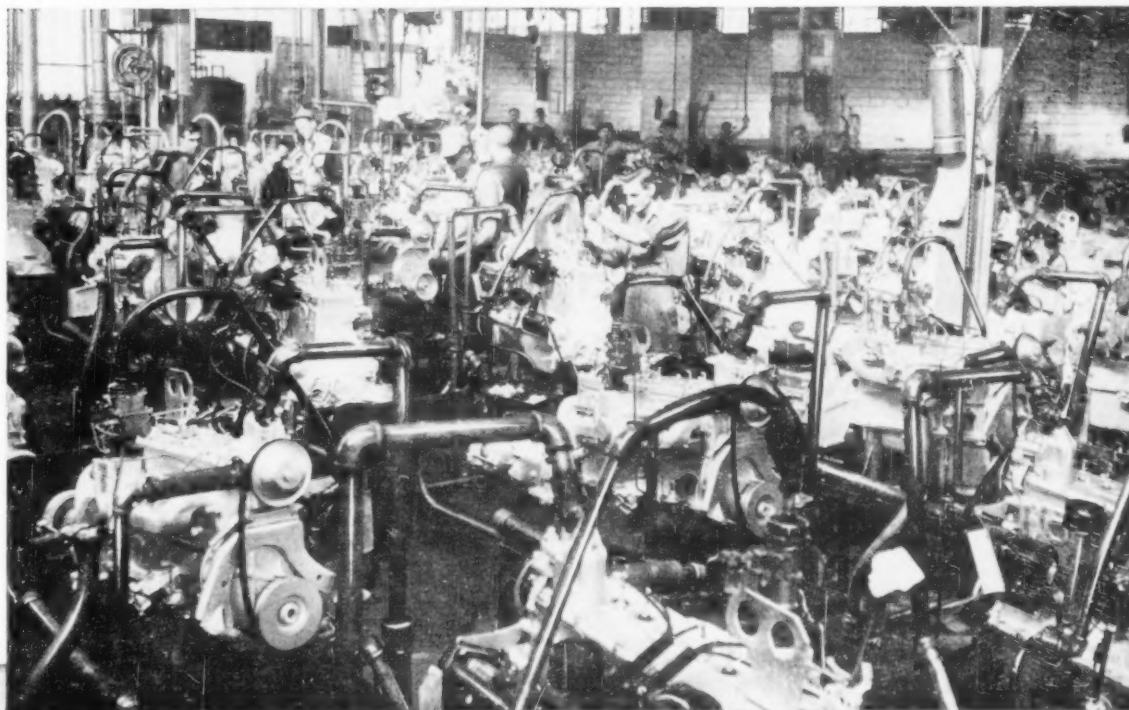


◀ Each component of a Chrysler-built vehicle must meet rigid engineering specifications. Continuous tests are made for perfect fit, long life and quality of material. At left, a technician is carefully checking connecting rods on one of the many precision test instruments.

LINES IN CANADIAN CHRYSLER PLANTS

◀ Typical of the many activities at Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, is the picture at the left of the final assembly line in the passenger car plant. This final operation is made possible by the close coordination of sub-assembly lines, some of which originate at the farthest corners of the immense plant.

▶ All Chrysler-built engines are thoroughly checked and dynamometer-tested to ensure maximum horsepower and torque, before they are passed for installation. Prior to this final check they have been run-in at 25 miles per hour in the special department shown at the right.



... Rushed to motorists
in all parts of Canada by
transport, water and rail

Chrysler, DeSoto, Dodge and Plymouth cars
and Dodge and Fargo trucks are speeded
on their way to waiting customers in all
parts of Canada. Shipments are made
by road transport, lake carrier and rail.



THE Continuous Record OF Achievement OF THE Chrysler Corporation...

In January, 1924, the first Chrysler car changed the whole pattern of motoring on this continent. *It was a new kind of automobile.* It was so much better looking . . . safer . . . simpler to drive . . . more comfortable, that it set new standards for the rest of the industry.

Since 1924, with Chrysler, DeSoto, Dodge and Plymouth cars Chrysler Corporation engineers have continually bettered *comfort, safety, performance* and *economy* in each successive model — giving the motoring public the *good* things first! This partial list of major improvements pioneered, developed or first introduced by Chrysler Corporation engineers will help you to verify this statement:

Four-Wheel Hydraulic Brakes	Exhaust Valve Seat Inserts	Rubber-Insulated Body Mountings
High Compression Engine	Helical Gears throughout transmission	Oilite Fuel Filter
Full-Pressure Lubrication	By-Pass Thermostat	Superfinish
All-Steel Body	Rustproofing	Gyrol Fluid Drive
Oil Filter	Floating Power	Safety-Rim Wheels
Air Cleaner	Balanced Weight Distribution	Super-Cushion Tires
Independent Parking Brake	Chair-Height Seats	Waterproofed Ignition
Crankshaft Vibration Damper	Sway Eliminator Bar	Cyclebond Brake Linings
Downdraft Carburetor	Amola Steel	Resistor-type Spark Plugs
Rubber-cored Spring Shackles	Parking Brake Warning Signal	Aluminum Pistons

You get the Good things First from Chrysler of Canada

The Rocket Man

Continued from page 14

while my parents slept unaware, and while our house was asleep, all the automatic bakers and servers and robot cleaners in an electric slumber, I stared down upon brilliant motes of meteor dust, comet-tail, and loam from far Jupiter glistening like worlds themselves which drew me down the tube a billion miles into space, at terrific accelerations.

At dawn, exhausted with my journey and fearful of discovery, I returned the boxed uniform to their sleeping room.

Then I slept, only to waken at the horn of the dry-cleaning car which stopped in the yard below. They took the black uniform box with them. It's good I didn't wait, I thought. For the uniform would be back in an hour, clean of all its destiny and travel.

I slept again, with the little vial of magical dust in my pyjama pocket, over my beating heart.

WHEN I came downstairs there was Dad at the breakfast table, biting into his toast. "Sleep good, Doug?" he said, as if he had been here all the time, and hadn't been gone for three months.

"All right," I said.

"Toast?"

He pressed a button and the breakfast table made me four pieces, golden brown.

I remember my father that afternoon, digging and digging in the garden, like an animal after something, it seemed. There he was with his long dark arms moving swiftly, planting, tamping, fixing, cutting, pruning, his dark face always down to the soil, his eyes always down to what he was doing, never up to the sky, never looking at me, even, or mother, unless we knelt with him to feel the earth soak up through the overalls at our knees, to put our hands into the black dirt and not look at the bright, crazy sky. Then he would glance to either side, to mother or me, and give us a gentle wink, and go on, bent down, face down, the sky staring at his back.

THAT night we sat on the mechanical swing which swung us and blew a wind upon us and sang to us. It was summer and moonlight and we had lemonade to drink, and we held the cold glasses in our hands, and Dad read the stereo-newspapers inserted into the special hat which you put on your head; it turned the microscopic page in front of the magnifying lens if you blinked three times in succession. Dad smoked cigarettes and told me about how it had been when he was a boy in the year 1997. After awhile he said, as he had always said, "Why aren't you out playing kick-the-can, Doug?"

I didn't say anything, but Mom said, "He does, on nights when you're not here."

Dad looked at me and then, for the first time that day, at the sky. Mother always watched him when he glanced at the stars. The first day and night when he got home, he wouldn't look at the sky much. I thought about him gardening and gardening so furiously, his face almost driven into the earth. But the second night he looked at the stars a little more. Mother wasn't afraid of the sky in the day so much, but it was the night stars that she wanted to turn off, and sometimes I could almost see her reaching for a switch in her mind, but never finding it. And by the third night maybe Dad'd be out here on the porch until way after we were all ready for bed, and then I'd hear Mom call him in,

almost like she called me from the street at times. And then I would hear Dad fitting the electric-eye door lock in place, with a sigh. And the next morning at breakfast I'd glance down and see his little black case near his feet as he buttered his toast and Mother slept late.

"Well, be seeing you, Doug," he'd say, and we'd shake hands.

"In about three months?"

"Right."

And he'd walk away down the street, not taking a helicopter or beetle or bus, just walking with his uniform hidden in his small under-arm case; he didn't want anyone to think he was vain about being a Rocket Man.

Mother would come out to eat breakfast, one piece of dry toast, about an hour later.

But now it was tonight, the first night, the good night, and he wasn't looking at the stars much at all.

"Let's go to the television carnival," I said.

"Fine," said Dad.

Mother smiled at me.

And we rushed off to town in a helicopter and took Dad through a thousand exhibits, to keep his face and head down with us and not looking anywhere else. And as we laughed at the funny things and looked serious at the serious ones, I thought, my father goes to Saturn and Neptune and Pluto, but he never brings me presents. Other boys whose fathers go into space bring back bits of ore from Callisto and hunks of black meteor or blue sand. But I have to get my own collection, trading from other boys, the Martian rocks and Mercurian sands which filled my room, but about which Dad would never comment.

On occasion, I remembered, he brought something for Mother. He

planted some Martian sunflowers once in our yard, but after he was gone a month and the sunflowers grew large, Mom ran out one day, and cut them all down.

Without thinking, we paused at one of the three-dimensional exhibits. I asked Dad the question I always asked: "What's it like, out in space?"

Mother shot me a frightened glance. It was too late.

Dad stood there for a full half minute trying to find an answer, then he shrugged.

"It's the best thing in a lifetime of best things." Then he caught himself. "Oh, it's really nothing at all. Routine. You wouldn't like it." He looked at me, apprehensively.

"But you always go back."

"Habit."

"Where're you going next?"

"I haven't decided yet. I'll think it over."

He always thought it over. In those days rocket pilots were rare and he could pick and choose, work when he liked. On the third night of his homecoming you could see him picking and choosing among the stars.

"Come on," said Mother, "let's go home."

IT WAS still early when we got home.

I wanted Dad to put on his uniform. I shouldn't have asked, it always made Mother unhappy, but I could not help myself. I kept at him, though he had always refused, I had never seen him in it, and at last he said, "Oh, all right."

We waited in the parlor while he went upstairs in the air-flue. Mother looked at me dully, as if she couldn't believe that her own son could do this to her. I glanced away. "I'm sorry," I said.

"You're not helping at all," she said.

There was a whisper in the air-flue a moment later.

"Here I am," said Dad, quietly.

We looked at him in his uniform.

It was glossy black with silver buttons and silver rims to the heels of the black boots, and it looked as if someone had cut the arms and legs and body from a dark nebula, with little faint stars glowing through it. It fitted as close as a glove fits to a slender, long hand, and it smelled like cool air and metal and space. It smelled of fire and time.

Father stood, smiling awkwardly, in the centre of the room.

"Turn around," said Mother.

Her eyes were remote, looking at him.

When he was gone, she never talked of him. Never said anything about anything but the weather or the condition of my neck and the need of a washcloth for it, or the fact that she didn't sleep nights. Once she said the light was too strong at night.

"But there's no moon this week," I said.

"There's starlight," she said.

I went to the store and bought her some darker, greener shades. As I lay in bed at night I could hear her pull them down tight to the bottom of the windows. It made a long rustling noise.

Once I tried to mow the lawn.

"No," Mom stood in the door. "Put the mower away."

So the grass went three months at a time without cutting. Dad cut it when he came home.

She wouldn't let me do anything else either, like repairing the electrical breakfast-maker or the mechanical book-reader. She saved everything up, as if for Christmas. And then I would see Dad hammering or tinkering, and always smiling at his work, and Mother smiling over him happy.

No, she never talked of him when he was gone. And as for Dad, he never did anything to make a contact across the millions of miles. He said once, "If I called you, I'd want to be with you. I wouldn't be happy."

Once Dad said to me, "Your mother treats me, sometimes, as if I weren't here, as if I were invisible."

I had seen her do it. She would look just beyond him, over his shoulder, at his chin or hands, but never into his eyes. If she did look at his eyes, her eyes were covered with a film, like an animal going to sleep. She said yes at the right times, and smiled, but always a half second later than expected.

"I'm not here for her," said Dad.

But other days she would be there and he would be there for her, and they would hold hands and walk around the block, or take rides with Mom's hair flying like a girl's behind her, and she would cut off all the mechanical devices in the kitchen and bake him incredible cakes and pies and cookies, looking deep into his face, her smile a real smile. But at the end of such days, when he was there to her, she would always cry. And Dad would stand helpless, gazing about the room as if to find the answer, but never finding it.

Dad turned slowly, in his uniform, for us to see.

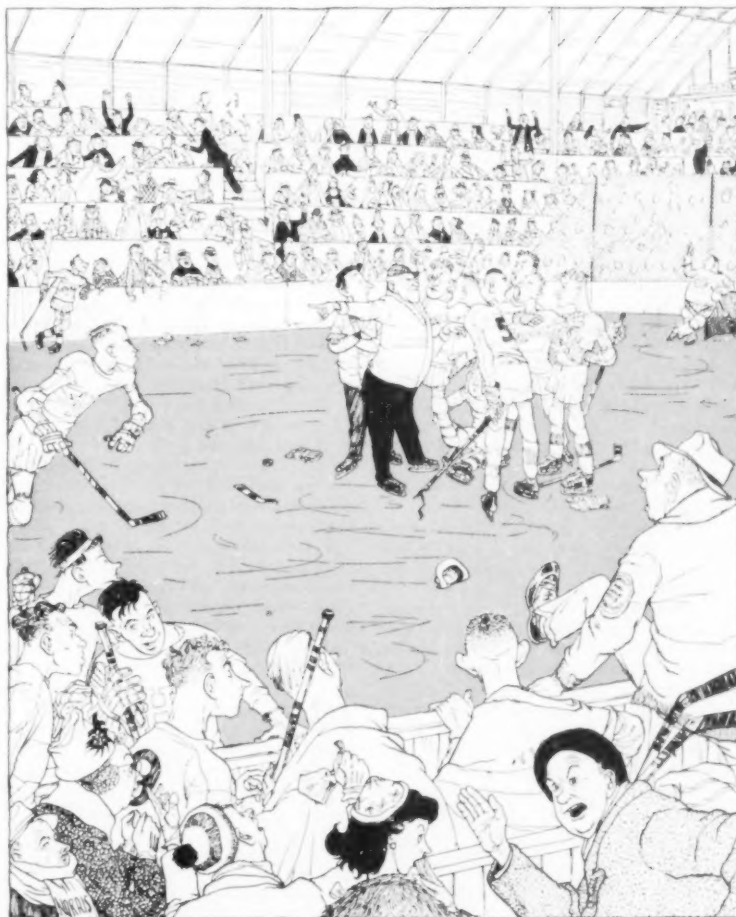
"Turn around again," said Mom.

THE next morning Dad came rushing into the house with handfuls of tickets. Pink tickets for California, blue tickets for Mexico.

"Come on!" he said. "Look, we take the noon rocket to L.A., the 2 o'clock helicopter to Santa Barbara, the nine o'clock plane to Ensenada, sleep over night!"

And we went to California and up and down the Pacific Coast for a day and a half, settling at last on the sands

LEN NORRIS GOES TO A MINOR LEAGUE PLAYOFF





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of Malibu to cook wieners at night. Dad was always listening or singing or watching things on all sides of him, holding onto things as if the world were a centrifuge going so swiftly that he might be flung off away from us at any instant.

The last afternoon at Malibu, Mom was up in the hotel room. Dad lay on the sand beside me for a long time in the hot sun. "Ah," he sighed. "This is it." His eyes were gently closed, he lay on his back, drinking the sun. "You miss this," he said.

He meant "on the rocket" of course. But he never said "the rocket" or mentioned the rocket and all the things you couldn't have on the rocket. You couldn't have a salt wind on the rocket or a blue sky or a yellow sun or Mom's cooking. You couldn't talk to your fourteen-year-old boy on a rocket.

"Let's hear it," he said, at last. And I knew that now we would talk, as we had always talked, for three hours straight. All afternoon we would murmur back and forth in the lazy sun about my school grades, how high I could jump, how fast I could swim.

Dad nodded each time I spoke and smiled and slapped my chest lightly in approval. We talked. We did not talk of rockets or space, but we talked of Mexico, where we had driven once in an ancient car, and of the butterflies we had caught in the rain forests of green warm Mexico at noon, seeing the hundred butterflies sucked to our radiator, dying there, breathing their blue and crimson wings, twitching, beautiful and sad. We talked of such things instead — of the things I wanted to talk about. And he listened to me. That was the thing he did, as if he was trying to fill himself up with all the sounds he could hear. He listened to the wind and the falling ocean and my voice, always with a rapt attention, a concentration that almost excluded physical bodies themselves and kept only the sounds. He shut his eyes to listen. I would see him listening to the lawn mower as he cut the grass by hand instead of using the remote control device, and I would see him smelling the cut grass as it sprayed up at him behind the mower in a green fount.

"Doug," he said, about five in the afternoon, as we were picking up our towels and heading back along the beach near the surf. "I want you to promise me something."

"What?"

"Don't ever be a rocket man."

I stopped.

"I mean it," he said, "because when you're out there you want to be here, and when you're here you want to be out there. Don't start that. Don't let it get hold of you."

"But —"

"You don't know what it is. Every time I'm out there I think, if I ever get back to Earth I'll stay there. I'll never go out again. But I go out and I guess I'll always go out."

"I've thought about being a Rocket Man for a long time," I said.

He didn't hear me. "I try to stay here. Last Saturday when I got home I started trying so damned hard to stay here."

I remembered him in the garden, sweating, and all the traveling and doing and listening, and I knew that he did this to convince himself that the sea and the towns and the land and his family were the only real things and the good things. But I knew where he would be tonight: looking at the jewelry in Orion from our front porch.

"Promise me you won't be like me," he said.

I hesitated awhile. "Okay," I said. He shook my hand. "Good boy," he said.

The dinner was fine that night. Mom

had run about the kitchen with handfuls of cinnamon and dough and pots and pans tinkling, and now a great turkey fumed on the table, with dressing, cranberry sauce, peas, and pumpkin pie.

"In the middle of August?" said Dad, amazed.

"You won't be here for Thanksgiving."

"So I won't."

He sniffed it. He lifted each lid from each tureen and let the flavor steam over his sunburned face. He said Ah to each. He looked at the room and his hands. He gazed at the pictures on the wall, the chairs, the table, me, and Mom. He cleared his throat. I saw him make up his mind. "Lilly?"

"Yes?" Mom looked across her table which she had set like a wonderful silver trap, a miraculous gravy pit into which, like a struggling beast of the past caught in a far-pool, her husband might at last be caught and held, gazing out through a jail of wishbones, salt forever. Her eyes sparkled.

"Lilly," said Dad.

"Go on," I thought crazily. "Say it, quick, say you'll stay home this time, for good, and never go away, say it!"

Just then a passing helicopter jarred the room and the window pane shook with a crystal sound. Dad glanced at the window.

The blue stars of evening were there, and the red planet Mars was rising in the East.

Dad looked at Mars a full minute. Then he put his hand out blindly toward me. "May I have some peas," he said.

"Excuse me," said Mother. "I'm going to get some bread."

She rushed out into the kitchen.

"But there's bread on the table," I said.

Dad didn't look at me as he began his meal.

I COULDN'T sleep that night. I came downstairs at one in the morning and the moonlight was like ice on all the housetops and dew glittered in a snowfield on our grass. I stood in the doorway in my pyjamas, feeling the warm night wind, and then I knew that Dad was sitting in the mechanical porch swing, gliding gently.

I went out and sat beside him.

At last I said, "How many ways are there to die in space?"

"A million."

"Name some."

"The meteors hit you. The air goes out of your rocket. Or comets take you along with them. Concussion. Strangulation. Explosion. Centrifugal force. Too much acceleration. Too little. The heat, the cold, the sun, the moon, the stars, the planets, the asteroids, the planetoids, radiation . . ."

"And do they bury you?"

"They never find you."

"Where do you go?"

"A billion miles away. Traveling graves, they call them. You become a meteor or a planetoid traveling forever through space."

I said nothing.

"One thing," he said, later, "it's quick in space. Death. It's over like that. You don't linger. Most of the time you don't even know it. You're dead and that's it."

We went up to bed.

IT WAS morning.

Standing in the doorway, Dad listened to the yellow canary singing in its golden cage.

"Well, I've decided," he said. "Next time I come home, I'm home to stay."

"Dad!" I said.

"Tell your mother that when she gets up," he said.

"You mean it!"

He nodded gravely. "See you in about three months."

And there he went off down the street, carrying his uniform in its secret box, whistling and looking at the tall green trees and picking chinaberries off the chinaberry bush as he brushed by, tossing them ahead of him as he walked away.

I ASKED Mother about a few things that morning, after Father had been gone a number of hours. "Dad said that sometimes you don't act as if you hear or see him," I said.

And then she explained everything to me quietly.

"When he went off into space ten years ago, I said to myself, 'he's dead.' Or as good as dead. So think of him dead. And when he comes back, three or four times a year, it's not him at all, it's only a pleasant little memory or a dream. And if a memory stops or a dream stops, it can't hurt half as much. So most of the time I think of him dead—"

"But other times—"

"Other times, I can't help myself. I bake pies and treat him as if he were alive, and then it hurts. No, it's better to think he hasn't been here for ten years, and I'll never see him again. It doesn't hurt as much."

"Didn't he say next time he'd settle down?"

She shook her head slowly. "No, he's dead. I'm very sure of that."

"He'll come alive again, then," I said.

"Ten years ago," said Mother, "I thought, what if he dies on Venus, then we'll never be able to see Venus again. That if he dies on Mars, we'll never be able to look at Mars again, all red in the sky, without wanting to go in and lock the door. Or what if he died on Jupiter or Saturn or Neptune; on those nights when those planets are high in the sky, we wouldn't want to have anything to do with the stars."

THE message came the next day.

The messenger gave it to me and I read it standing on the porch. The sun was setting. Mom stood in the screen door behind me, watching me fold the message and put it in my pocket.

"Mom," I said.

"Don't tell me anything I don't already know," she said.

She didn't cry.

Well, it wasn't Mars and it wasn't Venus, and it wasn't Jupiter or Saturn that killed him. We wouldn't have to think of him every time Jupiter or Saturn or Mars lit up the evening sky. This was different.

His ship had fallen into the sun.

And the sun was big and fiery and merciless and it was always in the sky and you couldn't get away from it.

So for a long time after my father died, my mother slept through the days and wouldn't go out. We had breakfast at midnight and lunch at three in the morning, and dinner at the cold dim hour of six a.m. We went to all-night shows and went to bed at sunrise.

And for a long while the only days we ever went out to walk were the days when it was raining and there was no sun. ★

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Good-by, Barney

Continued from page 13

His pay is 20 pounds of hay and three gallons of oats a day, supplemented by carrots to keep his blood in good order, occasional potatoes to fatten him, linseed oil and molasses for energy and a hot bran mash as a combined treat and laxative on Saturday nights.

Barney hasn't had a frolic in the fields since he was a colt because it's been found the annual holiday in pasture, once the privilege of most city horses, does more harm than good because of flies. Barney has only once had a change of route because the older, more experienced spare horses "stand in" for all days off. When he was transferred temporarily to relieve a sick horse in North Toronto Barney got homesick and wouldn't eat for three days. So he was returned to his own No. 16 route.

Not even sex appeal lightens his monotonous routine—he was gelded as a youngster. Stallions are apt to get ideas about mares in city streets, with spectacular consequences.

Jack Mumford, Borden's "vet," says sadly: "The milk horse's life is very humdrum."

But Barney makes the best of it. He has learned to unlatch the door of a baker's van and steal himself the odd loaf of bread. He once drank half a bottle of whisky proffered by two festive soldiers on Christmas Eve and never so much as showed the whites of his eyes. His driver was once horrified to learn from a crowd of big-hearted high-school girls outside Loretto College that Barney had consumed six ice-cream cones, four bags of candy and two big chocolate bars. Although horses are supposed to loathe the taste of flesh Barney has accepted hot dogs, hamburgers and steak pies. He once ate a whole onion, probably in mistake for an apple, but he rejects dill pickles.

He's Got a Roman Nose

Barney has also provided the usual thrilling chase of a runaway. It must have been something unusual like clothes fluttering on a line, a child on roller skates, or a piece of air-borne paper which set him off, for he's usually indifferent to city phenomena. He galloped three miles back through busy streets to his stable and never cracked a bottle or scratched a car.

Yet according to Ernie Prudames, the stable foreman, Barney is a "very ornery horse indeed."

Like all other horses he's covered entirely in hair and walks on the single toe of each foot. His ancestors had five toes but through lack of use two withered up the leg to become Barney's splint bones and two vanished. In common with his species Barney's fundamental characteristic is still excitability to motion. The wolf had fangs, the bull horns, the boar tusks and the lion had claws for protection. But Barney's family had nothing and became fleet. There are some who believe, although it has never been proved, that a horse's eyes magnify every image to about eight times its actual size. If this is true Barney's readiness to "get on his horse" is understandable. When you think of some of the sights around Toronto he must live in a fearsome world.

Barney came into that world under bleak and uninspiring circumstances. His father and mother knew none of true wooing's lingering sweetness. They were united in an Ontario farmyard with cold mathematical consideration for their proportions and the utility and cash value of their projected progeny.

A milk wagon is lighter than a brewer's dray and heavier than a baker's van. Borden's needs a horse midway between the powerful slow walker and the speedy trotter. Barney's dad, therefore, was a Clydesdale from Lanarkshire, Scotland, standing 17 hands and weighing nearly 2,000 lbs. (A hand is the vertical height of a man's clenched fist: four inches.) His mother was a trim buggy mare standing 15 hands and weighing around 1,000 lbs. The result was Barney, standing 16 hands and weighing 1,500 lbs.

You can see he has little or no thoroughbred blood by his convex Roman nose. A concave or dishpan nose shows descent from the Godolphin Arabian, the Darley Arabian and the Byerly Turk, desert stallions introduced to English mares in the 17th century to reinforce Arab blood imported effectively during the Crusades. Every modern race horse, all over the world, stems through the stud books from these three sires.

He Got Scared by Santa

Barney is known as "a coarse horse." Walter Midgeley, his driver, who's had a dozen horses in his 30 years with Borden's, describes him as "an average horse but a little bit independent."

When he was bought by Borden's at a country sale and brought into the city he was blasé about the noise, traffic, lights and paved streets. It takes a month to break some horses to city streets. Barney was settled after four days. But he took a dislike to his first driver and went on strike. He refused to leave his stall for three days. Only Midgeley could get him out. The two have been together, with only one short break, ever since. Says Midgeley, "When you get used to a horse you stick to him. It saves a lot of time and trouble."

Barney refuses to be put upon. Sent out as one of a pair to school a new horse to the city he found his pupil bone lazy. The novice jogged along in such slack traces that the whiffletree almost wore through scraping against the front wheel. Finally Barney, who had been taking all the load, gave his partner a good deep bite in the neck. The young horse began to pull his weight immediately.

Next, however, the new horse shied at a manhole cover while they were following the milkman up the street. (Inexperienced horses always mistake manhole covers for holes.) He dragged Barney and the wagon across the car tracks. Much ringing of streetcar bells and blowing of horns didn't help any. When Barney recovered control the wagon was on the opposite side of the street facing in the other direction. Barney coaxed his pupil into a trot, made a U-turn at a convenient intersection after waiting for the lights, and brought the wagon back to its route.

On cruel winter mornings sympathetic housewives sometimes invite 65-year-old Midgeley in for a quick coffee. Barney resents these interruptions and starts nickering impatiently. Midgeley gulps his coffee for, as he says, "The milkman's biggest nightmare is 'Will my horse be there when I get back?'"

Once in summer when Midgeley was gone unusually long collecting money Barney pulled into the shade of a drive, lay down and went to sleep, and caused a housewife to run into the street calling: "Come quick! Your horse has died on me!"

Barney has only really disgraced himself twice. Accustomed to getting an apple every day from a minister, Barney was disappointed one morning

Continued on page 45

Greet the Gang!



Munchy Wiener Rolls...

no trick at all
with new fast
DRY Yeast!

● For your next get-together, pull a trayful of these steaming rolls out of the hot oven—pop in the "weenies" and ply the mustard. My! they're marvellous—and so easily made with the wonderful new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising DRY Yeast!

If you bake at home, all your yeast problems are at an end with this new Fleischmann's Yeast. Unlike old-style perishable yeast, it doesn't lose strength, needs no refrigeration! Keeps full-strength, fast-acting on your kitchen shelf. Buy a month's supply—ask for Fleischmann's Fast Rising DRY Yeast.

Piping Hot WIENER ROLLS

Makes 3 dozen rolls

Scald
1 1/2 cups milk
1/3 cup granulated sugar
3 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup shortening
Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile measure into a large bowl
1 cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of
2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
Stir in lukewarm milk mixture and
3 well-beaten eggs
Stir in
4 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; work in
4 cups (about) once-sifted bread flour
Grease top of dough, cover and set in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk.

Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 2 equal portions; cut each portion into 18 equal-size pieces; knead each piece into a slim finger. Place, well apart for crusty buns—closer together for soft-sided buns, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 425°, about 15 minutes.





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Welcome her when she calls!



Miss Scott, with her Avon Representative in Toronto, Mrs. Kathleen Grant, selects her Avon Cosmetics. Part of her selection is shown below.



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Continued from page 43

when his benefactor failed to appear. He waited until Midgeley was up at a house then heaved his wagon across a lawn, over a flower bed, through a hedge, into a drive and started nuzzling the minister's back door. That cost Borden's money.

Last Christmas Barney and Midgeley were held up at an intersection by Eaton's Santa Claus parade. When Barney saw the grotesque effigies advancing upon him—probably magnified eight times—he reared, brought his feet down on a car fender, and spoiled Midgeley's chances of his year's "safe driving medal."

One year in a horse's life is equal to three in a human's. By our standards Barney, who is actually nine, is really 27 and it's only natural that he should be getting set in his habits. Unfortunately he got so set in one habit that every day he performed an essential function in the same place. This is common with horses. Borden's was eventually telephoned by a furious householder who inferred in much stronger language that the atmosphere surrounding his front door suggested a stable.

Barney lives in a stable two floors above Borden's modern garage on College Street, several hundred yards from the dairy. He ascends unassisted and unattended four long padded ramps to rows of clean, whitewashed, well-ventilated stalls. Leaving at 6 a.m. and returning at 3.30 p.m. Barney halts automatically outside the harness room door where Ernie Prudames, the stable foreman, and Walter Midgeley put on or take off his trappings.

Although Midgeley always releases him from the stall first thing in the morning and ties him up last thing at night to preserve mutual confidence Barney finds his way alone around several turns to the harness room and stops for a drink en route at the big white bathtub trough.

After hooking up in the garage at the bottom of the ramps Midgeley drives Barney each morning to the dairy where the horse waits in a long queue of wagons to take his turn at the loading platform. During this line-up Midgeley can get away for a cup of coffee if he wants because Barney usually follows the wagon in front until it's his turn at the platform, where Midgeley meets him.

One subzero morning, however, Barney failed to keep the rendezvous. He was nowhere in the line-up. Midgeley ran back to the stables thinking Barney had gone on strike. The foreman dispatched another driver in a truck to Midgeley's route to see if Barney had gone ahead alone. But Barney couldn't be found. At last an agitated garage proprietor rushed up to the dairy with the report that a horse had manoeuvred his van around behind dozens of cars inside his establishment and was warming himself at the big radiator.

This was one of the few occasions when Midgeley gave Barney a cut of the whip. Normally Barney jogs around Midgeley's calls without ever needing the reins. While on the move Midgeley prepares his orders, checks his cashbook and sorts his tickets, looking up only occasionally to see how far Barney has gone. He says, "You only need to use the reins at crossroads on the way back when Barney would break into a gallop if you'd let him. On the route, though, I never touch him—unless I want to pull his head around to show him something." After the whip, however, Barney was truculent for a few days. Midgeley had to drive him continuously and lost time.

But Barney is usually co-operative.

Midgeley only uses two commands: "git up" and "whoa." If he wants Barney to trot he merely knocks on the side of the van with his knuckles. Barney has brought Midgeley safe home through freezing rain and dense fog when the driver could barely see as far as the horse's ears.

A baker used to feed Barney doughnuts but Midgeley had to discourage this because Barney would straddle the sidewalk to get them—and thus frighten old ladies. This was contrary to good public relations.

It was public relations, too, which changed the design of Barney's nosebag. It used to have a wooden bottom so he could more easily lick up the last few oats. But when he tossed it Barney occasionally brought it down on the head of a passer-by and provoked some remarkable language. One peevish gentleman so stunned retaliated by giving Barney a clout over the snout with his cap. Now Barney's nosebag is made entirely of soft canvas.

It was public relations which inspired pneumatic tires on the wagons and rubber shoes. According to Midgeley, "Some of the big shots couldn't stand the clatter in the early hours."

Barney has few outstanding qualities. He hasn't got the aristocratic personality of Sir John, a stablemate who's half thoroughbred and would have made a good hunter if his back hadn't been broad enough to carry a circus artist. Nor is he such a favorite as Girl, a shaggy black mare whose daily theft of a mouthful of oats from the hayloft before going to her stall is tolerated by the stable staff. He hasn't the same intelligence as Bob, a spare horse who knows 20 different routes as well as Barney knows his one.

But at least Barney's an orthodox eater which makes him easy to care for. He's content with one meal at 5 a.m. before work, a nosebag in the street, and a supper at 5 p.m. Some horses are called "picky horses." Most of them have an exceptionally long back.

In resting, Barney's habits are also conventional. He can relax completely on his feet. Only once or twice each night does he lie down and close his eyes in sleep. Then it is only for an hour or so. Horses don't sleep standing up. If they do "drop off" while on all fours they immediately fall down. Another of Barney's stablemates, a gigantic dappled mongrel called Darby, is considered eccentric because he always falls asleep on his feet, collapses with a crash, and snores like a pig for the rest of the night.

Borden's horses are so well kept that many go on working until their 20th year. Charlie, a big blue roan with a dash of Percheron, has, according to Ernie Prudames, "worked for 16 years and never been sick, lame or lazy." Several 20-year-old mares retired by Borden's have been sold to farmers and later thrown two or three good foals.

But, as he is only nine, it is doubtful whether Barney will live out his useful life in harness. He is not heavy enough to become one of a plow team, though he could serve as "third horse" for lighter work on a farm. The tractor, however, is damning his chances of this sort of retirement every day. There is just a glimmer of hope that when Borden's becomes completely mechanized Barney will be sold to a less progressive dairy. Even then the possibilities of him reaching a ripe old age will be remote.

It seems a certainty that one of these days Barney will have to be humanely destroyed. If it is any consolation to the hundreds of city animal lovers who will miss him he will then turn up for the last time as meat for their pet dogs. ★



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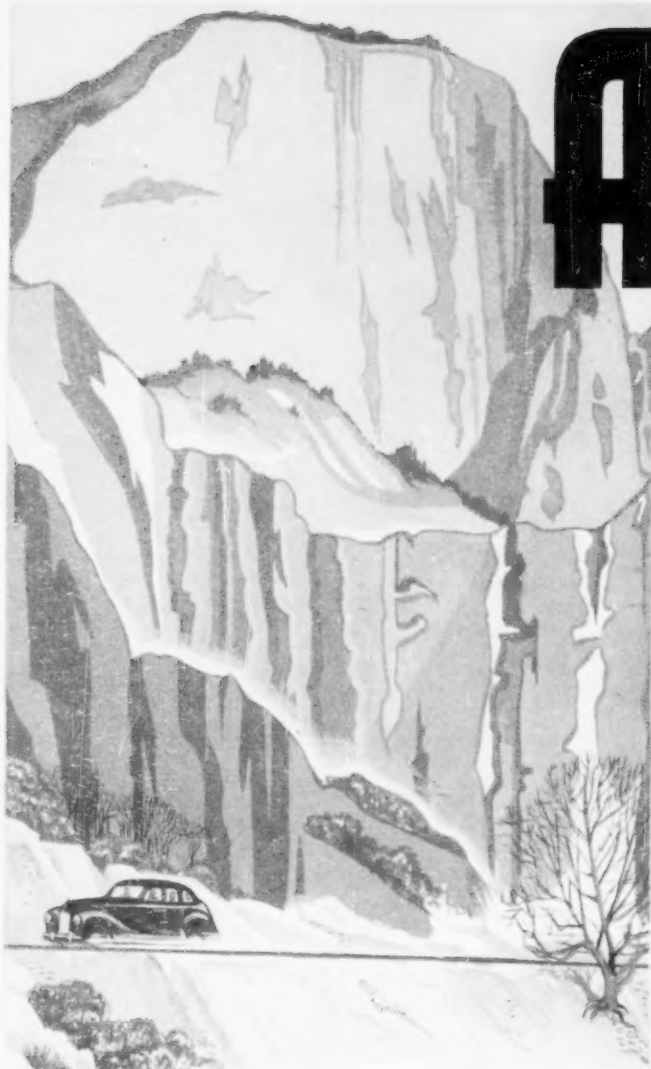
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The Unknown Star of the Met

Continued from page 21

box, where it is barely noticed by the audience. In it he can see the conductor about as well as you can see a motor-cycle cop catching you on the highway, which is well enough.

Next Ceroni takes up a one-foot section of the stage floor in front of his chest and moves it into a slot a few inches below, making a sort of slanting worktable on which he lays his musical score. With a few inches to spare above his head, and just room enough for his gesticulating arms on either side, he is ready to work.

Once the music starts, Ceroni could well use three sets of eyes. First he must keep the conductor in view all the time. Second, he must keep his eyes on the score in front of him, since he cannot trust himself to remember the several thousand details of any one score, let alone of all the several dozen scores he works with during the season. Third, he has to keep his eyes on the singers who sometimes are milling about in crowds that run as high as 100 to 200 supernumeraries, hoises, carriages, assassins, dancers, and possibly a spare stagehand or two.

A Kiss Is Encouragement

Normally the singers don't keep their eyes fixed on Ceroni, though they'll watch him from the corner of an eye in any difficult part. But Ceroni, who by now is semi-psychic, can tell when a singer is heading for trouble almost before the singer knows it.

"I take care of the singer like baby," he says. "Is when I see that look around the mouth, I know is trouble ahead." Ceroni instantly summons the singer's attention by making a kissing or squeaking sound with his mouth, somewhat as you would call a cat, and strongly whispers out the words or music the singer is about to forget. He calls this "encouraging the artist," for he is a man of great tact and sweetness.

Ceroni's good nature is remarkable, not only because he is never publicly praised but also because his working conditions are fairly grim. Jammed into his little box like a tail-gunner, with draughts and stage dust blowing in his face and the heat of the footlights broiling the metal hood on both sides, he has to remain at a peak of attentiveness all evening long. In contrast, the singers come and go, and have time to rest in the wings or in their dressing rooms between appearances on stage. He never complains about this at all.

"The whole wonderful stage is right in my lap," he says, glowing with pride at the thought that he has the nearest and clearest view of anyone in the whole opera house. But position isn't always an advantage.

In the second act of "Carmen" the Toreador swings his cape grandly around during his famous song, sweeping clouds of dust, grit, and old carpet tacks in the direction of the footlights. Ceroni in self-defense has learned to bob down his iron ladder just before this.

Once in San Francisco during a performance of "Boris Godounov" an unruly horse almost stepped in Ceroni's face. Ceroni, taking no chances, ducked. Unfortunately the box in the San Francisco opera house is narrower than the Met's and he cracked his head on the edge of the stage. He missed the rest of the opera that night. The singers nervously carried on without him, rolling up a fine box score of errors.

In Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi" a group of disgruntled characters are

supposed to pull all the dishes out of a closet. One time this past season the whole load of dishes (all made of pewter and tin) crashed down toward the footlights, two of them scoring a bull's-eye in the prompter's box. In spite of several bruises Ceroni kept on without missing a single cue.

In a performance of "Hansel and Gretel" some seasons back soprano Thelma Votipka had to wield a broomstick against the two children of the title. In her zeal she sideswiped a heavy cup of milk on the table and it flew off, bashing poor Ceroni in the mouth and sending him down his ladder bleeding freely. Votipka says she still doesn't know how she managed to finish the act without bursting into tears.

Just a few months ago, in a performance of "Salome," tenor Set Svanholm, as Herod, ripped a wreath off his head and flung it to the ground. It bounced and Ceroni got it right in the face. When it isn't wreaths, plates, and cups, Ceroni has to remember to guard his fingers from the feet of leaping ballerinas. Basso Italo Tajo, in one aria in Mozart's "Figaro," takes a particular joy in flinging his cape over the box, shutting off Ceroni's view, and delivering his aria to the audience with one foot planted on top of the box. Were Ceroni a lesser man he might easily give Tajo a hotfoot, but he has resisted all temptation.

Apart from such incidents Ceroni's work is serious, difficult, and demands the ability to think fast. Usually he corrects a situation by just tossing cues and conducting with his hands, but occasionally the remedy is more drastic.

Some years ago, in the "Barber of Seville," a basso was impatiently waiting in the wings for a musical cue which would bring him on to sing his aria. A singer on stage got befuddled and leaped to a similar part of the music which should have come five minutes later, and another followed suit. Ceroni immediately knew that it would be impossible to get them both back without serious difficulty, so he cued the other artists in to that spot. The conductor followed suit immediately, everything went off smoothly, the audience saw not the least ripple of uncertainty, and everyone felt pretty well pleased at the recovery of the fumble. That is, all except the basso, who never did come on stage.

The Great Are In His Lap

Though no one has ever praised Ceroni publicly all the artists at the Met know him to be a peerless craftsman. Ezio Pinza calls him "the Toscanini of prompters." Yet he has never taken a bow, never received honors in the newspapers, and never appeared at a white-tie function of the Opera Guild. None of this distresses him.

"Ah, my dear," he says, "is the theatre, no? I have only to do my work well, is all. Is my duty." He has no particular desire to receive public applause; the pleasure of having the world's greatest opera stars perform almost in his lap and take their orders from him is more than enough reward.

"Even when I'm tired," he says, "so soon I get in the box I feel just like boss of the whole stage. I enjoy so much is amazing. Is make me very proud of my work."

The history of operatic prompting is still unwritten. It arose as some kind of cross between stage prompting of the type used in European repertory theatres (where a man does, in fact, inhabit a box at the front of the stage) and musical rehearsing by the con-

ductor. Prompters entered opera two centuries or more ago and audiences have been complaining or jesting about them ever since.

One Englishman wrote to the St. James's Chronicle in 1764, asking: "Would it not be better to let every Performer have their Parts separately printed in a large Type? . . . (For then) the Audience need not with greedy Eyes look for the Place from whence the croaking Voice springs forth, more disagreeable than the Midnight Screeching of an Owl."

Otello Ceroni, too, sometimes gets complaining letters and postcards from opera-lovers who have heard his cues picked up by the microphones of the Saturday afternoon broadcasts of Met performances. In Boston a music critic, reviewing the Met, wrote not long ago, "In general, everyone was in good voice last night, including the prompter."

"Still," Ceroni says, "if the artist cannot hear me, is all no use anyhow, no?"

Ceroni arrived at this strange occupation more or less by accident. He was born in Ravenna, Italy, in 1892. His father, Eduardo Ceroni, was a trombone player in the Ravenna orchestra and a tailor on the side. The elder Ceroni fell so in love with Verdi's opera "Otello," first heard in 1887, that he decided to name his next son in honor of it. Young Otello Ceroni was appropriately enough a musical child and studied the French horn under a great, though now forgotten, horn-player named Angelo Zanzi.

Horn Player in the Infantry

While Otello was still a boy, he met at school a lad his own age named Ezio Pinza; but since Ezio was not then specially musical they didn't become very close at that time. Ceroni's father, however, had the privilege of equipping the future greatest basso of the world with his first pair of long trousers.

Ceroni finished his studies as horn player and went to Rome in 1909 where he played in an orchestra until World War I. He had some desire to rise above this station by conducting, but his shy retiring nature made it impossible. Between 1914 and 1920 he served in the Italian infantry. By then he was 28 years old, nervous and weary, and thoroughly glum about his life and future. He returned to horn-playing, but with no great joy.

One day he was in the pit with the orchestra during an opera rehearsal. He heard the conductor say to the singers on the stage, "I beg you, ladies and gentlemen, pay more attention, especially to the prompter. Take your orders from him, please."

"Right then," says Ceroni, "I think myself, this must be a very important job, though I have never seen what is on the other side of that tin box. I decided to study and get myself a job as prompter."

For many months Ceroni perfected his knowledge of the scores and watched singers rehearsing with conductors. He told the Ravenna orchestra conductor of his ambitions. On a tour of several small towns the next year there suddenly was a vacancy for someone to prompt the opera "Tosca," which Ceroni knew quite well, and he got the job. He snuggled into the box at the first rehearsal, opened the score, and started cueing the singers. It was as though a whole world opened up before him.

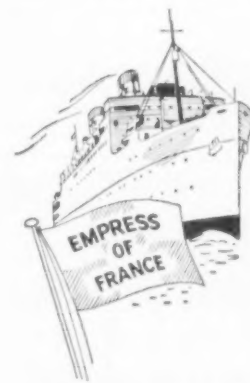
"I realize right then," he says, "I have finally found myself, and this is the kind of job I can do."

In 1924 Ceroni was preparing to prompt a performance of "Mefistofele" by Boito in the town of Carpi. He

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noticed a familiar name on the program, in the title role: Ezio Pinza, basso. The two old schoolmates met, jabbered away at each other in outlandish Romagna dialect, and soon became fast friends. They made an odd pair—Pinza, the tall, dashing, handsome star; and Ceroni, the short, mild, quiet, forgotten man of opera.

Pinza not only liked Ceroni personally, but found him to be a prompter without peers. He wrote a rave letter and got Ceroni hired by the famous Teatro Costanzi in Rome. A few years later, after Pinza had come to the United States, he talked the Met's manager, Gatti-Casazza, into bringing Ceroni over here in 1929 to start prompting at the world's greatest opera company. With one brief period of absence, during which he was back in Italy prompting, Ceroni has been at the Met ever since.

Pinza has remained Ceroni's closest friend. For quite a few years they lived in the same hotel in Manhattan and Ceroni always dined with the Pinzas, who had a fine Italian cook.

"He is the truest friend I have," Pinza said to an acquaintance recently. "But still, when I was in the opera and I made a mistake, he would have bad word for me, his old friend, and he would get very red in the face because I did not pay attention to him. But he was wonderful when I have to act with my whole being in some great role like 'Don Giovanni.' Then I always knew Ceroni will be my ear for me: I can forget the conductor and everything."

When Ceroni first arrived at the Met the roster of singers appearing before his very nose was truly glittering, and sounds today almost like a hall of fame. Giuseppe De Luca was still there; Beniamino Gigli was in his prime; the great tenor Giacomo Lauri-Volpi was ageing but still active. Frances Alda and Lucrezia Bori were there with the great Amelita Galli-Curci and Louise Homer. Among the younger singers were Pinza, Tibbett, Melchior, Gladys Swarthout and Rosa Ponselle. Ceroni's first job was to prompt Gigli and Ponselle in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine." He had arrived at the prompter's heaven and he hasn't stopped enjoying it yet.

Aside from Pinza, Ceroni's best friend among all the singers has been Thelma Votipka, an excellent soprano who prefers to do secondary roles. They understand each other. Votipka and he, and both are equally earnest and serious about their work.

A few years back Votipka was singing Martha in "Faust," and Pinza, as Mephistopheles, tickled her devilishly when she fell into his arms at one point. Ceroni almost fainted for fear they would disgrace themselves.

Once, however, Pinza managed to make Ceroni laugh. He was to enter, again in "Faust," and present Votipka with a delicate little flower. At a performance in Ottawa he came on stage bearing, instead, a colossal sunflower about 12 inches across. Ceroni—and the audience—roared; Ceroni, in fact, scrambled down the ladder out of sight until he had regained control of himself. Since then the gag has become a standard part of "Faust" tradition.

Few people realize how hard Ceroni works. Though he is not the only prompter at the Met, and does few of the German performances, he had 90 performances in New York and 40 more on tour this past season, which gives him twice as many as any singer and more than twice as many as any conductor. He prompts all the French and Italian operas, plus an occasional German performance. Not content with all this he goes to the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires for the summer

and there prompts in German, Spanish, English, and Russian. He knows not one word of Russian, though he is fluent enough in the others; he painfully transcribes the Russian words into Italian phonetic equivalents.

In the more than 3,000 performances he has prompted Ceroni has seen every great name falter and almost err—and has kept every such incident a secret.

Most secret of all are the notations in his own scores where he marks down that tenor X never can get this part right by himself, contralto Y always gets panicky right here, or baritone can't get the pitch of this entrance.

In the main, Ceroni's life is one of quiet dedication. He supports several relatives in Italy and has never married. As he works so many nights he has little time for leisure pursuits and seems to want nothing more than occasional

evenings with a few friends, a handful of magazines and books, and once in a while a trip to some special restaurant. He is passionately in love with sunshine and the countryside and rushes off at the end of the opera season to refresh himself with a few weeks in sunny Italy before heading for Buenos Aires.

Like most men who are essentially solitary he walks a lot. As the last crashing chords bring down the curtain at the Metropolitan, and the brilliantly costumed singers appear on the apron to smile and bow to the cheering audience, *Maestro* Otello Ceroni slips down his ladder and drifts quietly out the rear way, unseen and unrecognized, to walk slowly home up Seventh Avenue to his hotel room, completely alone amid the crowds and lights of New York. ★

FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS

Edward P. and the Autograph Hounds



WHILE we were staying in a hotel in England during World War I my brother and I—we were then 10 and 8 respectively—decided to send birthday presents of small silk Union Jacks to the Prince of Wales and Lord Kitchener. We were autograph hounds and hoped to get their signatures from the acknowledging letters.

Lord Kitchener, who at the time headed Britain's war machine, replied immediately, his signature scrawled in bold strokes. A little later an envelope bearing the crest of St. James's Palace arrived. But to our disappointment it contained a formal printed acknowledgment signed by one of the prince's equerries. His Royal Highness was at the front in France, it was explained.

Four years later the Prince of Wales visited Canada. To break the formidable round of official engagements a quiet game of golf was arranged for him at the Royal Montreal Golf Club, Dixie, Que. Among the crowds who suddenly learned of the unofficial event were two small boys who had in their possession a letter from the prince's equerry.

Blithely indifferent to police resistance and the protests of

Royal Montreal Golf Club officials we advanced staunchly to No. 1 tee. The prince was beginning to address the ball. Lord Shaughnessy was acting as his caddy.

"Your Royal Highness," my brother blurted.

The Prince of Wales looked up with an expression of decided annoyance. He said coldly, "I think this is very rude of you."

Feeling sure we would be shot at dawn for high treason we spoke together, "But your Royal Highness, when you see what we've got it'll be different." My brother waved the envelope with the ornate St. James's Palace letterhead.

"Oh, this is different," he said. He took the envelope, extracted the letter, read it, took a pen from his shirt pocket, whipped up his driver to serve as a foundation for writing, and then scribbled across the top left-hand corner of the page, "Edward P."

After a brief and extremely friendly conversation, with the rest of the official party looking on gawkingly, the Prince of Wales went on with his game and we were surrounded by a wondering mob of spectators.—D. M. Legate.

Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay \$50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

What the Census Man Will Find Out

Continued from page 19

birth rate because 24% of its women are over 50. In the high birth rate provinces like New Brunswick and Quebec, only 16% to 17% of women are in the over-50 group.

But British Columbia, with its year-round skiing and swimming, is luring youngsters as well as pensioners and its marriage rate has recently become Canada's highest.

One of the most significant findings of the 1941 census was that Saskatchewan's population had declined while all other provinces moved up. Saskatchewan, judging from the estimates, is going to show the same trend for 1951. Again all other provinces will be up.

Census figures on population changes will show graphically how wartime and postwar economic trends have altered patterns of life in Canada. They will show that the radical shift in population from rural to urban areas which first became apparent in the 1911 census has continued faster than ever during the past decade. Rural to urban, in a broad sense, also means movement from the Prairies and Maritimes to Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia.

Here is the DBS forecast on how the provinces will line up in the 1951 census, with some of the factors affecting each province's population:

Oddly enough, bleak Yukon grabs the prize for fastest growth although it's still the smallest province or territory in population. In 1941 Yukon census takers found 4,914 people, two thirds of them males. Mining developments have boosted this to approximately 8,000 for the 1951 census, a jump of 60%.

British Columbia, 818,000 in 1941 and 1,160,000 today, is the fastest-growing province with a 10-year increase of 41.8%. During the 1930s B. C. gained about 8,000 a year; during the 1940s it suddenly started packing in newcomers at about 25,000 a year. Industrial growth is only half the answer. As in California, the fastest-growing U. S. state, the Pacific climate has a seductive appeal. During the war thousands of servicemen got a taste of B. C.'s climate and scenery; they liked it and thousands came back in civvies.

The Northwest Territories are in No. 3 position. The present population of 16,000 is a 33.3% increase over 12,028 of 1941. As in the Yukon, mining expansion created the gain.

Quebec's population has moved up from 3,332,000 to around 4,050,000, a 21.5% gain.

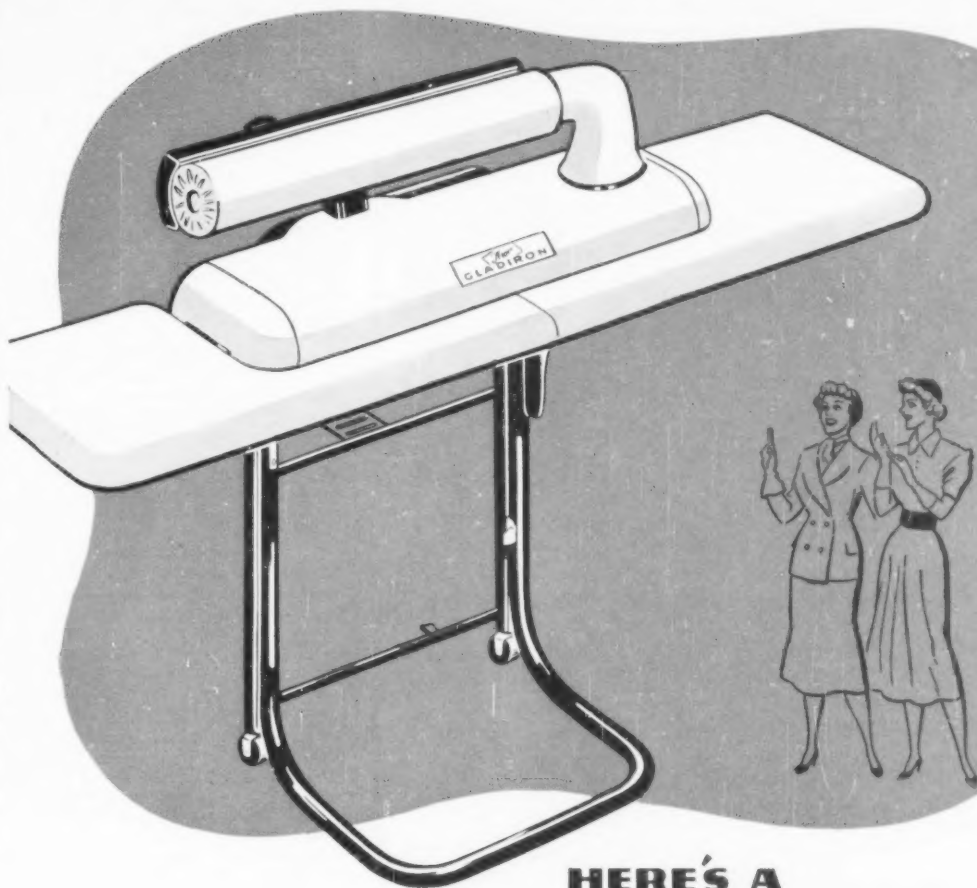
Ontario has gained the most people—812,000—but on a percentage basis trails Quebec with 21.4%.

Ontario and Quebec have also gained population faster than natural increase and immigration can account for. Thousands of new jobs created by industrial growth have lured outsiders, mostly from the Maritimes and Prairies.

From here on all provinces except Saskatchewan will manage to show some gain, but the gains will be less for some than what should accrue from natural increase. These are the losers in the interprovincial shuffle.

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will both show gains of 15.9% over 1941. Both showed population drops during the war but have more than caught up since 1946.

Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta also dropped below the 1941 level when Ontario and



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Quebec war plants were rolling full blast but are picking up again. Alberta is already 14.9% over its 1941 population. Manitoba is up 10.9%. Prince Edward Island barely stays out of the red; dropping from 95,000 to 90,000 during the war, it has struggled back to an estimated 97,000 today—a net 10-year gain of 2.1%.

Depression and wartime population shifts have left Saskatchewan still staggering. It hit a peak in 1936 with 931,000. Dry years, mechanized farming and then the lure of war plant pay cheques sent its youth scurrying for the cities. Manitoba and Alberta, caught in the same predicament, had some industry to fall back on. Saskatchewan's economy is hitched almost entirely to wheat farming (only Prince Edward Island has a smaller industrial payroll) and when war's end found the population down to 833,000—the lowest since 1927—there was little to bring the boys back home. But the 1951 census will show Saskatchewan staging a comeback. The estimate for today is 880,000, still 1.7% below 1941.

One of the first things population experts will want from the 1951 census is an accurate breakdown of age groups. How many Canadians are under 20, how many over 65?

This information is among the most important a census can reveal, for such things as pensions and education must be planned on the size of age groups. It is the key to a country's whole economy and production potential; roughly speaking, those between 20 and 64 are producers, the nation's strength, while those below 20 and over 65 are dependents.

Medical advances are lengthening human life and in every civilized country the percentage of population in older groups grows constantly larger. This leaves a smaller percentage of

producers in the middle-age groups to support them. Sociologists predict that this, though still a minor concern, will become one of the great problems of the future. We talk glibly of lengthening the life span to 100 years, usually failing to recognize that in doing so we would double or treble the number of mouths each worker would have to feed.

What will the 1951 census have to say about this?

First, it will show that the average Canadian of 1951 is 10 to 11 weeks older than was the average Canadian of 1941. Average Canadian age in 1881 was 24.7 years. It rose steadily to 30.4 years in 1941 and will be 30.6 years in 1951. The increase in birth rate has held the average age down and the 1941-51 jump of only two tenths of a year is one of the smallest Canada has experienced.

In 1881 persons 65 and up comprised 4% of Canada's population. By 1921 it had risen only to 4.8%. Since then the growing number of Canadians surviving into old age gained rapidly until by 1941 6.7% of Canadians were over 65; in 1951 it's expected to be about 7.8%. Meanwhile, the under-20 group has remained about the same—approximately 37.5%. Thus, Canada will still have about 55 workers and 45 non-workers in every 100 of population, only a 1% change since 1941. At that rate we can wait until at least the year 2000 before Canada's ageing population becomes a serious worry.

There'll be good census news too for girls with hope chests. Manhunting is more promising than ever. Canada had a 1941 surplus of 415,086 unmarried males over unmarried females—one of the few countries of the world with such a situation. Today the surplus of single men is believed higher

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than ever. DBS estimates it at 461,800. Census enumerators are going to find that Canadian housewives are becoming more gadget-minded. DBS household equipment surveys in 1948 and 1949 show that Canadians since 1941 have been buying radios at a fast clip. But they've been hanging on to their dollars when it comes to buying refrigerators and vacuum cleaners.

In 1941 78% of Canadian homes had radios. Wartime prosperity and perhaps better programs put radios into 93% of homes by 1949. Radio salesmen have had a bonanza in Quebec. In 1941 it was the second lowest area in percentage of homes with radios (69% in the Maritimes, 71% in Quebec). Today Quebec has more radio-equipped homes than any other province—96%. The Maritimes, at 89% is still trailing. CBC officials say Quebec has become Canada's most radio-conscious province because for one thing industrial expansion has swelled luxury spending. The vacuum cleaner and mechanical refrigerator still have a long way to go before they catch up with radio. Homes with vacuum cleaners increased from 25% to 32% between 1941 and 1948, refrigerators from 20% to 29%.

A Nose Is Worth Eight Cents

There will be interesting census information on the "gadget personalities" of Canadian cities. For example Victoria has one of the highest proportions of radio-equipped homes in Canada, but it has Canada's smallest percentage of homes with washing machines. The reason is that Victoria's retired couples are faithful patrons of the Chinese laundry. Quebec City has a radio in practically every home (95%) but apparently does its housecleaning by broom: only Hull, Que., and Sydney, N.S., have fewer vacuum cleaners.

The 1951 census will begin June 1 and be completed in a week or two. Answers will be sought as of midnight May 31. A baby born one minute after midnight June 1 will have to wait until 1961 before he becomes a statistic. The 18,000 enumerators are recruited and trained during the six months before the census. Permanent DBS representatives in Canadian cities act as supervisors in their districts.

Enumerators are paid around eight cents for every name, the rate being a cent or two higher in rural areas where the coverage must be slower. Farmers, students, clerks and school-teachers compose the backbone of the census-taking army. Each covers from 600 to 800 names in rural districts, from 1,200 to 1,800 in cities, and earns from \$80 to \$150. Total census cost will be around \$9 millions.

A basic population questionnaire will be filled out for every person. You will be asked questions covering marital status, age, schooling, religion, place of birth, occupation, earnings and a few other points.

A housing questionnaire will be filled out on a sampling basis at every fifth household. This will cover number of rooms, type of dwelling, lighting, heating and cooking equipment, household conveniences.

If you are a farmer the enumerator will have a special set of 191 questions for you. Most of these will be asked at every farm but a few detailed queries will be saved for every fifth farm only.

There will also be a special questionnaire for business places, and three others dealing with the blind and deaf, commercial fisheries and irrigation.

Don't throw the dishwater in the enumerator's face. He's got a thankless job but a very essential one. And don't be afraid to tell him the truth,

for there's a blanket of secrecy around the census organization so tight it makes the Iron Curtain look like a picket fence. Enumerators, clerks and DBS executives are sworn to secrecy. Information about individuals or firms is guarded as painstakingly at DBS headquarters as silver dollars at the Royal Mint a few blocks up Sussex Street.

It took two and a half years to sort out and compile the 1941 census information. This census the compiling will be completed in about one and a half years, thanks to electronic machines which will read a special electricity-conducting ink on the census cards and whiz through mountains of statistics.

Electronic brains will even detect and toss out cards on which enumerators have made errors. Typical of 60 different inconsistencies which the machines will spot are persons under 21 listed as World War II veterans, women listed as locomotive engineers or some other masculine occupation.

In spite of all these scientific wonders, the old census headaches will still make life miserable for enumerators and their Ottawa bosses. At Chesterfield Inlet, 1,000 miles north of Winnipeg, an enumerator will have to make the same perilous boat trip through 100 miles of Hudson Bay ice floes that Leland Elmer Corey, J.P., made in 1941 to reach the Eskimo settlement of Tavani. A Moosonee Indian agent once again will have to tuck his census cards into his canoe and paddle up the Abitibi in search of Johnny Jump-up, a Cree whose whereabouts was last known eight months ago. And at Ottawa an embarrassed enumerator will ask Louis St. Laurent if he ever went to school.

Electronics or no electronics, there will still be the greying dowager, aged 50 and then some, who when asked "Age, please?" will murmur, "Thirty-five." There will still be the immigrant who came to Canada as a child and has long since forgotten where he was born.

Census planners will have their usual headaches with persons who have their own ideas about what the census should ask. One cat lover thought DBS should count Canada's cat population to determine how many we could safely export to Britain to replace cats killed in the blitz.

Framing questions to avoid misunderstanding and antagonism is a ticklish job. "Racial origin" has been changed simply to "origin" in the 1951 census because some members of Canada's minority groups saw a stigma in the word "racial" which made them reluctant to answer. "Mother tongue" has been changed to "the language this person first spoke in childhood" because many interpreted it as meaning the language spoken by their mother.

The 1951 census will disclose one other fact about our population, the experts are sure. It will prove that, contrary to belief, men lie about their ages just as much as women.

"Look here," said Dr. O. A. Lemieux, head of the census division, as he produced age statistics of the 1941 census. "There were 155,000 persons aged 38, 138,000 aged 39, 153,000 aged 40 and 139,000 aged 41. There is no reason for that fluctuation. We know it can't be true. The explanation is many persons remain 38 until they become 40, then they stay 40 until they are 42, and so on. In all countries where censuses are taken, persons over 35 have a tendency to cluster at the even numbers when reporting ages.

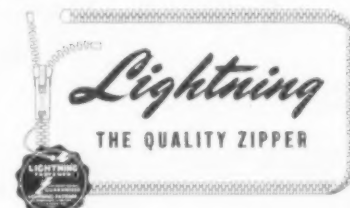
"When you break those figures down into male and female," Lemieux continued, "there is the same discrepancy for both sexes. Men are just as bad as women at lying over their ages." ★



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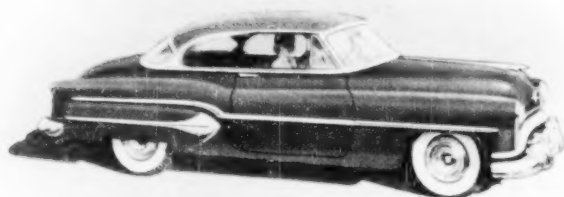
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Backstage at Lake Success

Continued from page 4

for drastic action. This mood is no longer limited to Senator Joe McCarthy and other converts of the Nationalist China lobby. Even the sanest Americans are angry and bewildered at having been let down, as they put it, by "fair-weather friends."

I had lunch in New York the other day with two old and close friends. Both had spent years in Canada. Both are level-headed men with a high emotional boiling-point. They asked with one voice: "How do you explain the half-hearted line Canada is taking?"

I spent an hour trying, but I don't think I got very far. They couldn't see why anyone would hesitate to vote Red China an aggressor.

"What does a country have to do to prove itself unfriendly?" they asked. "The Chinese are shooting at us. Doesn't that indicate they are something less than pals?"

To a Canadian, these are embarrassing questions. After all, we were in the front row of the cheering section when, last June 27, the United States stepped in to block North Korean aggression. We happily applauded the Security Council's vote of approval. When we were asked to supply troops we had a previous engagement—six weeks went by before we even tried to recruit any. We can hardly blame Americans, now, for thinking that faint hearts have become even fainter among their so-called allies.

Nevertheless, the issue is not as simple as that, not in the eyes of America's Western allies, anyway. It isn't a matter of peace at any price, but of struggle on feasible terms.

"People talk a lot about Munich," one delegate said. "I think the best analogy for today is not Munich in 1938, but Finland in 1939-40."

"Finland was attacked by Russia

—a clear case of aggression. Some Allied governments wanted to rush to Finland's aid. They got a force together, they issued winter uniforms. France actually sent a brigade as far as Norway. They asked Sweden to let them move troops across Swedish territory, and luckily the Swedes refused. The expedition petered out.

"I remember the arguments at the time. Some people said 'Don't do it; you'll drive Russia into the German camp.' The answer was always the same: 'Don't be naïve; Russia is in the German camp.' That was only five months before Hitler invaded the Soviet Union."

He didn't pretend that the analogy between Finland and Red China is precise. Even Nehru of India, staunchest of all believers in an eventual split between Moscow and Peking, admits that "if war came tomorrow China would be on Russia's side." But hope does persist in many countries, including Canada, that the split will come in time. If the present crisis could be resolved, and we go back to cold war for a few years, the basic conflicts of interest between China and Russia might become apparent even to a Communist Chinese.

Meanwhile, we have a stronger enemy on the other side of the globe. If we get involved in war with China, which is no threat outside her own limited orbit, we leave ourselves weaker in face of the real foe, Russia. To most Canadian officials this is mere realism. That's why they think it's the Americans, rather than the British and other "go slow" counselors, who "don't realize there's a war on." There's a war on, all right, but it's wider than some people think, they say.

Thus the argument of expediency. What about basic principles? What about the concept of collective security, to which we are all pledged?

This is where the Americans suspect us of a change in policy, and they too have good reason. There has certainly

been a change in thinking under the grim stress of the past six months.

It hasn't been easy, and it's by no means unanimous. There has been deep heart-searching on all sides.

I listened to Sir Carl Berendsen, the respected delegate from New Zealand, deliver a very odd speech. Half of it was impassioned and pungent oratory, as he called for immediate condemnation of the Chinese as flagrant aggressors. The other half was lame; he moved an amendment to make it doubly sure that having declared the Chinese aggressors the UN would do nothing much about it.

"He's giving two speeches," a veteran observer explained. "The first one is Carl Berendsen speaking—he feels very strongly on the principle of the thing. Right's right and wrong's wrong, he says; if we're forced out of Korea, all right, but let's have no doubt about where we stand or whether we're coming back. It's like Crete, he says; we had to get out, but we came back. He lost a boy in Crete, so he's paid the full price for that opinion."

"But he has instructions from his government, evidently, and his government goes along with Britain. They don't want a war with China at any price. So he has to move this amendment, poor man."

Canadians had plenty of heart-searching to do, too. Over the years Canadian delegates have probably done as much talking about collective security as anyone in the world. But lately the Canadian Government has been forced into a change of mind, at least for the time being.

As one minister put it, "You can't afford collective security in a two-power world. You simply cannot enforce peace and punish aggression in every remote corner of the globe when you have a real powerful enemy facing you across a vital frontier."

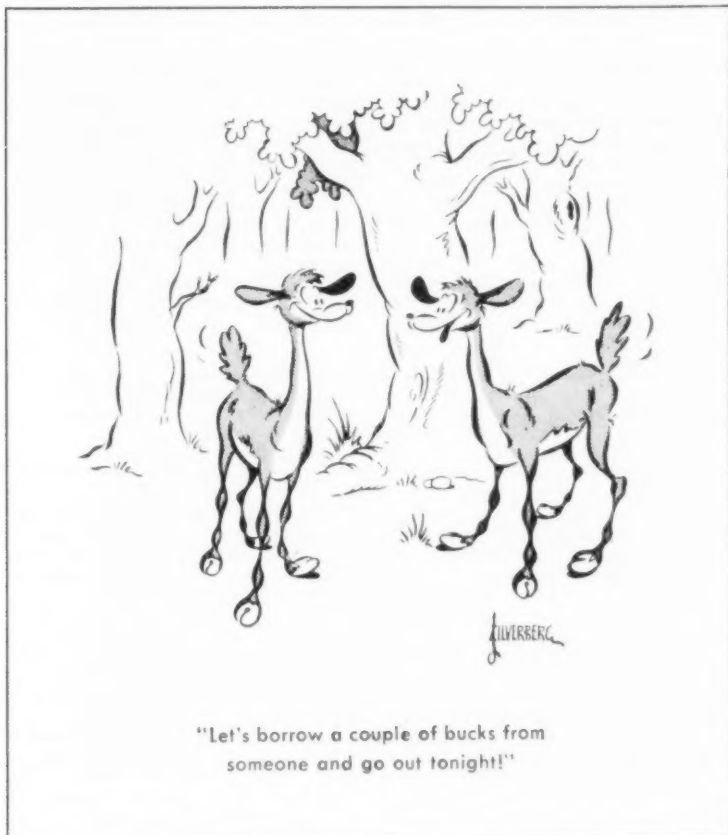
This is not a betrayal of the United Nations. As the U. S. Government itself pointed out not long ago, in an official publication called "Our Foreign Policy," the United Nations was never designed to deal with aggression by a major power.

Neither is it a return to isolationism. No member of the present Government would have Canada withdraw within her own borders and let the rest of the world go hang. No member of the Government would have Canada shirk her proper share, indeed her utmost effort, in defense of freedom. Rather, the impulse is to conserve our strength for the vital areas and not be drawn by Russian feints into concentrations at the wrong points.

We have no strength to spare in 1951. Outside Korea the U. S. has three trained divisions—one at home, two in Europe. All the rest are green recruits in need of at least a year's training. European allies among them have seven or eight more. Russia has 175, and we are even worse outnumbered in the air.

This means terrible danger. Some responsible observers think that already the chances of peace through 1951 are no better than 50-50. War in China might turn the odds definitely against it, for Russia is bound by treaty to come to China's aid in the event of attack.

Naturally the treaty wouldn't mean anything if the Kremlin preferred to ignore it, but the Kremlin might not. Even in Russia there is such a thing as public opinion. Even in Russia people can be got to fight more easily and with better heart, with a plausible pretext. If the Kremlin really wants a war this spring, China might come in very handy. ★



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Not since "Lady Vanishes" has Margaret Lockwood had a starring vehicle like **HIGHLY DANGEROUS**.

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Eric Ambler, maestro of mystery, wrote a new thriller with an iron curtain atmosphere. Antony Darnborough of **QUARTET**, produced it. Dane Clark flew over from Hollywood to co-star. The hand-picked cast includes actors like Marius Goring of **RED SHOES** and Naunton Wayne.

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On the waiting list of audiences who like something special in the way of excitement, that makes three best-quality British dramas of suspense, all completely different.

CLOUDED YELLOW stars Jean Simmons and Trevor Howard and is the new year's outstanding early success.

WOMAN IN QUESTION, a smooth detective yarn done backward, introduces a novel thriller technique possible only in movies and gives Jean Kent, in five separate roles, the starring part of her career.

HIGHLY DANGEROUS puts the emphasis on intrigue and comes as close to next week's headlines as circumstances ever permit.

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That odd and now famous English urchin type, the mudlark, is also to be seen in a family comedy from Ealing, **THE MAGNET**.

★ ★ ★

DANCE HALL has a sextet of younger players including London's teen-age television star, Petula Clark. For rhythm specialists, here is a close-up of the dance band business overseas.

To be sure you see these fine films, ask for playdates at your local theatre.

An **Exhibition** Release

The Tragic Trek

Continued from page 9

oxhead—his wife, with the ox tongue lolling down over her eyes and forehead. Mrs. Wiebe took one look at this cigar-smoking apparition and, for the first time since Agnes' death, she laughed.

A little of the sorrow and fear lifted from their hearts as they rolled slowly along, the children making a game of spotting monkeys swinging through the trees, playing tag behind the wagon—sometimes as far back as a quarter of a mile. They would climb up whenever they tired and wanted a nap. Four-year-old Abram sometimes hung on the tail gate and dragged his bare toes in the dust. "Everything will be all right, Susie," John said again and again. "The pain for Agnes will go away. Soon we will have a fine farm of our own. Everything will turn out fine."

Without warning, tropical storms began to come, loosing upon them deluges of rain that turned the trail into red glue.

In such a storm they came to a halt just before the halfway point of Caaguazu on the bank of a river. At the head of the oxen in the darkness of the night, John stepped into the swirling waters of the river. Looking back he could see his brother on the wagon seat, for he was wearing a bright yellow slicker. The flooding water inched slowly up past John's knees and then to his armpits as he led the team and the wagon containing his wife, his sleeping children and all his possessions.

He felt the oxen pull away from him—downstream. He sensed that the wagon was slipping sideways and he tried desperately to turn the oxen upstream. He shouted to his brother, who leaped from the wagon seat, landing downstream from the oxen. The pale slicker, floating out wide around his shoulders, frightened the oxen and they veered upstream again. John was able to lead them to the other side.

A Swing for the Children

He rushed back to the wagon and looked in upon his family. His wife, with the baby in her arms, stared back at him with white face. The other children had slept right through the ordeal.

On the 10th day they reached the site of their Paraguayan home, the rich soil upon which they would build a new life, where with 15 other families yet to come they were to build a town they had decided to name—Gnaden-thal, or Vale of Happiness.

Before them they saw two palm-and-mud and bamboo buildings on land that was half swamp, the other half uncleared palm and hardwood and bamboo and liana as dense and inhospitable as they had ever seen. Mrs. Wiebe turned to her husband. "There will be no fine farm here, John!"

In that moment they gave up forever their dreams.

The Derksens, the Duecks, the Hildebrandes, a nurse, Annie Hondereich—all the families began to arrive. Medical supplies and heavy freight were hauled from Villarrica: corn pickers, plows, seed drills, 11 tractors, bulldozers, a sawmill. Plans were made to turn one palm-and-mud building into a church and schoolhouse, the other into a trading post stocked with supplies from Villarrica. Paraguayan people could come with beans, fruit and manioc needed by the Mennonites until their own land would feed them.

John Wiebe built a shade roof by



The Name that Lost an Election

AMOR DE COSMOS, the publisher of the *Victoria Colonist* who became premier of British Columbia soon after Confederation, had his weird name to thank for losing his first election. It was in 1858, when he sought the assembly seat for Esquimalt from George Gordon.

Anyone who owned property in Esquimalt could vote, but at that there were only 26 names on the voters' list. This was before the day of the secret ballot and a few of the voters, friends of both sides, hid themselves on election day so as not to give offense to either party. It gave promise of being a tight race.

De Cosmos had been born William Alexander Smith. In California he'd changed his plain Bill Smith to Amor de Cosmos ("lover of the world"). The Gordon faction announced that if he ran under the name of De Cosmos they'd challenge the election on the grounds that no such person existed. De Cosmos was accordingly entered as "William Alexander Smith, commonly known as Amor de Cosmos."

By 3 o'clock on voting day the result stood at Gordon, 10; Smith-De Cosmos 10. A De Cosmos supporter named Young started for Victoria to get the last voter who could be found—a

Mr. Moore who was known to favor De Cosmos.

Ten minutes before the polls closed at 4 o'clock Young rushed into the returning officer's room with a very flustered Moore in tow.

"For whom do you vote?" asked the returning officer, who was also the sheriff and a Gordon supporter.

"Amor de Cosmos," replied Moore.

The Gordon faction cheered and Gordon himself shouted, "Put that down at once, Mr. Sheriff."

"Wait," cried Young, "you meant William Alexander Smith commonly known as Amor de Cosmos, didn't you, Moore?"

"Yes—yes," stammered Moore.

"Too late," said the sheriff. And when the polls closed he read out the returns: William Alexander Smith commonly known as Amor de Cosmos, 10; George Gordon, 10.

"I declare a tie between Mr. Smith and Mr. Gordon," announced the sheriff, "and I cast my vote as returning officer in favor of Mr. Gordon, whom I declare duly elected member for Esquimalt."

De Cosmos' friends lodged a protest but Gordon took his seat and held it—W. J. Christensen.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to *Canadianecdotes*, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

cutting down bamboo and making a framework tied with liana vine, thatched with dried palm leaves. Under this 40-foot structure he pitched a tent. He put up a play swing which was taken over by three-year-old Willie Derksen in the next tent. As soon as Willie's feet hit the ground in the morning he ran for the Wiebe swing and, swinging the entire day, he sang "O Canada" with barely a stop.

Stubbornly and stoically, the Wiebes went about the job of setting up housekeeping in the jungle. At one end of their palm home John dug a hole, covered it with a stove plate;

that was the kitchen. He found fine soft water in a four-foot well right in front of the shade roof. Under their cot he dug another hole as a cooler for the baby's bottle.

They tried to carry on the simple tasks of living as though they were not in a steaming tropical climate where the most ordinary and innocent act might without warning become a dangerous and threatening one.

John Wiebe worked with others at setting up the sawmill brought to South America by J. C. Braun. The first logs which were to become the

Continued on page 56

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Elizabeth Arden

Continued from page 54

tumber for the village buildings sank to the bottom of the river when they tried to float them to the mill. They hauled them then with oxen. The first log through shattered the disc, which had to be replaced with a specially tempered one. The iron-hard wood turned back and kinked nails so that it had to be drilled and pegged for building.

They planted potatoes which almost vaulted from the soil in the humid 120-degree temperature; before their eyes the plants seemed to move to a

height of five feet, then wilted and died. They laid out logs and shaded the plants with palm fronds and swamp hay. They grew just as high, skeleton white for lack of chlorophyll. No tubers formed. They planted corn which leaped in no time to a height of 12 feet. It bore no cobs. They planted flax which reached giant proportions, bloomed with gargantuan flowers which dropped off. So it bloomed again and they dropped off. And it bloomed again. No seeds were ever formed.

It was obvious now, even to the most stubbornly optimistic members in

the colony, that from the standpoint of living off the land Gnadenthal was anything but a vale of happiness.

And while their parents were learning this bitter lesson the children played in the red soil of the village. Little Abram quickly discovered a caterpillar with red lights down its sides, exactly like a CNR freight car back in Manitoba. He would sit for hours, touching it and watching the little lights blink out. He would wait for them to come on again, then with the tip of his finger extinguish them again. His parents soon came to believe that

Abram's train caterpillars were the only insects there that were not a threat to the lives and health of their children.

One day at noon Willie Derksen came running in to his mother and father, shouting, "From the bush they are running bears yet!"

Everyone rushed out, then laughed with relief as they counted almost 100 pigs which had swept past the village. Abe Derksen shot a 200-pound sow at the tail end of the herd as it went grunting and squealing up the hillside. They skinned it that afternoon, marveling over the black sparse hairs as coarse as darning needles, the scissor-sharp tusks, the tail that was more like the short stub of a fox terrier than the curling tail of a respectable pig.

The Wiebes had spareribs for dinner the next day; they canned a lot of the pork. A week later, when Abe Derksen spoke of it to a Paraguayan in the store, the man turned pale. Herds of berserk wild pigs are feared even by the fierce jaguar which turns from their path. They have been known to destroy whole Indian villages.

From time to time they saw Indians; John met one in the middle of the trail to Villarrica on one occasion. The Indian snatched a machete from his G-string and stood threateningly until John turned and walked back with the hair lifting on his neck. Another time he came upon a dozen Indian women when he had gone to find his cow in the bush. Stark naked and terror-stricken, they turned from him and fled shrieking.

The pattern of their days became terrifying. Children soon were complaining of stings and minor pains that turned out to be buried green warble flies. Mothers learned to ask each child if fingernails or toenails hurt, after they noticed that many Paraguayans had no nails. Some in the colony lost nails after tiny sandflies got under them and caused festers.

Sitting in church just after Christmas, Mrs. Friesen brushed at a bothersome fly. At the end of the service she felt a sting in her left nostril; she had brushed the fly up her nose. An hour after she got back to her tent she had an almost unendurable headache. A nurse gave her chloroform and took out more than 50 maggots.

Before three months in Gnadenthal had passed those who could manage the passage money were returning to Manitoba. Those who had no funds stayed.

For the Wiebes the great adventure now held only fear and anxiety—such moments as the almost-nightly discovery of a tarantula among the children's bedding, of a five-minute snake found curled up in Alice's dress in the morning, a bush snake dislodged from a small shoe tapped against the dirt floor before a child put it on.

Early in June, John Wiebe's mother returned to Lowe Farm in Manitoba. John and Susie and the children stayed behind, for they had no money to get home. When she could, John's mother promised, she would send them money to return to Canada.

Food in the colony had run low and the diet of many had become limited to beans and manioc and peanut butter. For one two-week period after his cow died in the swamp John had no way of getting milk for Johnnie, the baby; the infant lived on rice water. John and his wife frequently went without their meals, giving their plates to the children. Hunger was with them always and once John saw Mary snatch a stalk of sugar cane from the jaw of a passing oxen to suck on it herself.

Throughout the summer and into the fall they waited for John's mother

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Maclean's Magazine, March 1, 1951

to send them the money to buy their reprieve. "What can be holding up the money to go?" Susie asked John again and again.

One evening Mrs. Wiebe noticed a small pimple on the inside of her left knee. She paid it little attention. Soon a scab formed. It grew, breaking away at its raised edges, suppurating and exposing bleeding flesh. Like many of the others in the colony, she now had a climate sore. The one on Mrs. Dueck's leg had spread completely around above her knee; others had them on calves.

The Wiebes had given up all hope of ever getting back to Canada; they had become resigned to the loss of the baby, for he had not recovered from the two weeks on rice water and lay listless in the tent, a skeleton of a child who would surely die as Agnes had died.

Then on New Year's Day—after almost a year and a half of the closest thing to living hell that they could imagine—word came that John's mother had managed to send them \$1,800 to fly back to Canada. "It is the best Christmas present we got yet!" John said.

Nine hundred remain in the Paraguayan colony, some by choice, others because they have no funds to return to Canada. Those with money to buy supplies and have them hauled from Villarrica and those who will not admit the trek was ill-fated and unfortunate have stayed. There is hope they may be able to get land which will support them; there is the conviction that pioneering has always been heart-breaking in its early stages. It is particularly hard on those without money, forced to live off a land that will raise only tobacco, sugar cane, peanuts, and kaffir corn for chicken feed. These people know starvation.

Today back in Lowe Farm, John and Susie Wiebe still feel the same way about getting back to Canada. They are thankful. They have no farm. The baby died soon after their return; for several months the family had only oatmeal and milk to live on. But no one in Lowe Farm has ever heard them complain. Before they left Paraguay and the Vale of Happiness, all took a vow that they would never complain again.

They have kept it carefully. To remember, Mrs. Wiebe has only to look at her leg and the great spreading climate sore which the doctor says he must cut out. When she works around the house it frequently breaks open. The scab with its raised spokes, like moles tunneling under a lawn, exposes raw flesh an inch deep. She has only to listen to eight-year-old Mary counting up to 20 in authentic Spanish, or watch the new baby playing on the floor with a curving orange toucan beak—to remember.

John Wiebe does road maintenance work for the municipality of Lowe Farm now. He has some souvenirs of his own: a cylindrical bottle of light reddish soil which stains the fingers when rubbed between them; an ink bottle filled with grey pellets of kaffir corn; the memory of a fair-haired little girl who fell on the ground when their plane landed at Miami to kiss the landing field and cry, "Canada—Oh, Canada!"

He has nightmares of being still in Paraguay, unable to get the funds to release him and his children from a prison of hunger and disease and filth. Gnadenthal—Vale of Happiness.

Not a day passes that he is not thankful to be back in Canada. He puts it this way: "Where could you get such a country would grow wheat like we got—or people like we got—or a government like we got yet? It is Canada! Oh, God, it is Canada!" ★

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Last of the Suffragettes

Continued from page 11

responsible for the voters' list; another for telephoning; a third in charge of driving facilities." She got them.

She got too—freely donated—the office furniture, stationery, typewriters and a radio for the campaign headquarters. Activity was tremendous. Newspaperman Ross Munro says, "She slugged the women into working." She posed for pictures of herself cooking ("I'm fit, fiftyish, and can lay my hand to anything"). She attended a square dancing competition in the Ottawa Valley. ("Pulled a fast one on the boys there. An old country girl like me can square dance them under the table.")

She was asked whether, like the other controllers, she would be using the city-owned, chauffeur-driven Cadillac, a perennially controversial topic in Ottawa papers. "Not me," said Charlotte. "Got my own old car and the figure and the fitness to change a tire if needs be. I'll keep clear of the Caddy."

The Cops on Charlotte's Side

At a tough meeting in Lower Town, where trouble was expected from the disgruntled, slum-living voters, she gave hard facts on her housing development schemes. They questioned her politics.

"Conservative," she shouted back. "If I could only find the conservative party!" She finished off with: "I'm calling for a new deal. Don't you think it's time you drew a Queen to three Jacks?" The card-playing audience caught the idea. She went out to shouts of "La petite Charlotte!" and, "Vote for Whitton!"

The whole city caught the spirit of the thing. Milkmen canvassed for Charlotte. Bus drivers on her district line would shout at customers: "Are you voting for Charlotte? If not, there's no room on the bus." Her car was often recognized downtown and policemen, recently installed in waist-high booths at some street corners, would stop her and beg, "Get us out of this kiddy coop."

One day she left her car on Metcalf Street and when she came back she found a ticket charging her with every possible traffic offense. Four cops watched her fury mount, then came over to explain, laughing, "Look on the other side," they said. "Good luck, Charlotte," was written above their signatures.

This individual interest and the women's vigorous canvassing brought out the largest vote Ottawa had ever seen, some 60% compared with the usual 50%.

In the confused celebration of Charlotte's victory (back home in the village of Renfrew her mother kept open house till close to dawn) there was one pathetic little voice. A small daughter of a member on the Whitton committee was seen tugging her mother's coat and pleading, "Since Charlotte *did* get elected, could I now go and see Santa Claus?"

Whitton didn't pause to rest on her laurels. The day after the election she was in Washington attending the fifth White House Conference on Children, a once-a-decade convention to discuss progress in child and youth work.

In Ottawa the women were so pleased with their work that they have decided to keep their committee intact, their lines to the ranks open. Charlotte thinks this is a good thing; it'll give her the strength of support she feels she'll need to cope with the all-male Board. Also she's looking ahead. "We are working on the 1952 campaign now," she said. "And I

wouldn't consider they were plowing the furrow well if they ran only one woman in the civic elections two years from now."

She came back to some 600 letters of congratulation including a message from her own church of St. Albans, suggesting that she might like to consider the memorial pew of Sir John A. Macdonald her own, from here in. And the trouble she had expected was waiting for her at City Hall.

The custom has always been to allow the controller who polls most votes (in this case Charlotte) to choose his own department as well as to be considered the deputy mayor. She found that this year, since she was a new member, there was some disagreement over this prerogative. She got into a rip-roaring argument immediately.

"I'm going to claim the right of selecting the Portfolio of Defense," she told City Hall over the telephone. "The women want me to take it. It's the most important." (The Ottawa Board, influenced by the proximity of the Federal Government, has got into the habit of referring to the various departments as "portfolios.")

"They want me to take on the Fire Department?" she trumpeted. "Charming as the Fire Chief is, we've nothing in common except that he has hose and ladders and I have ladders in my hose."

She leaned back in her chair after she'd hung up the phone and stared sharply at the death mask of Queen Elizabeth of England, an item of her vast collection on the Queen whom she considers the first modern woman. "I'm not so sure that's the toughest job," she said thoughtfully. "Now housing for low - paid employees — there's a real stinker! I'm going to see what's the toughest job going and I'm going to exercise my right to get it."

What happened was that a new department was formed to accommodate Miss Whitton's abilities. It took two by-laws to achieve an integration of interests that's not been tried on civic boards of any other Canadian city. It is a new social utilities portfolio, and her duties will include health and hospitalization, social aspects of

Give + Generously

housing, child care, aged and infirm, charitable institutions, social aid assistance, delinquency and community agencies. In addition, the Board appointed Charlotte to the Civic Hospital Board, the Ottawa Recreation Commission and the Board of Health. Her fellow members obviously plan to keep her busy enough to stay out of their hair.

In a lifetime of sponsoring causes—social service work in its earliest stages, adoptions, nursing, health, housing, and liquor problems—her chief interest has always been women and their rights.

This is the women's era, she insists, often in language redolent of Emmeline Pankhurst and Susan B. Anthony. "Everything in life is a partnership and we women should take the partnership of home into the community. We have been sluggards. We haven't used our franchise as we should. We must strike off our shackles and claim our freedom." She points out cheerfully that in the first half an hour of this year 10 babies were born across Canada and seven of these were girls. In the pair of twins born, the girl came first. Her vital statistics usually lead with the announcement that more women were elected in Ontario civic government in the past year than in all the previous 25 years.

"There is consternation on the Hill, believe me," she says with a darkly gleeful nod in the direction of Ottawa's Parliament Buildings. "I've been asked point blank if there is an underground women's party movement. Now I don't care what party a woman belongs to just so she'll get

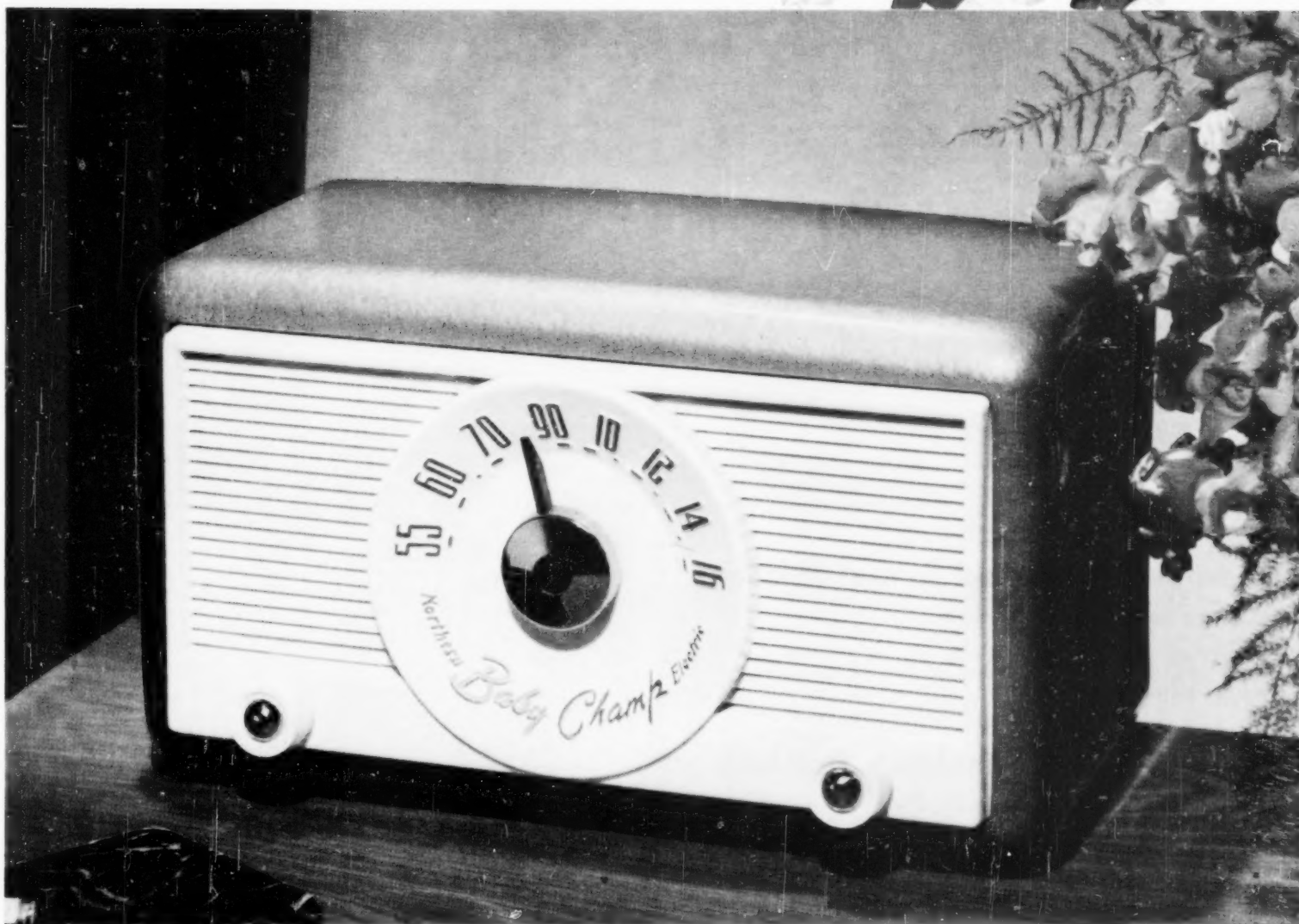
Continued on page 60



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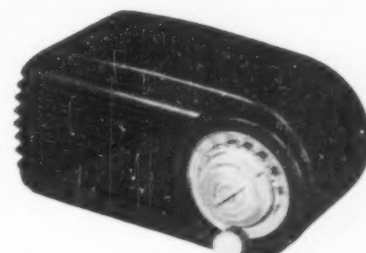
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WHAT'S COMING UP IN MACLEAN'S NEXT ISSUE

ON SALE MARCH 9

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By RALPH ALLEN

The story of Canada's No. 1 Communist: What sort of a man is he? How does he operate? How dangerous is he? A searching fully-documented report on the career and aims of the man who might be Dictator if Canada loses a war against Soviet Russia.

Conscription — The Great Canadian Debate

By BLAIR FRASER

Maclean's Ottawa editor re-examines the bitter conscription controversy and comes up with some new and surprising findings.

Regina's Always Starting Something

By GEORGE HILLYARD ROBERTSON

Regina had no business being there in the first place. But its pioneers went ahead anyway to build up a record of firsts which includes the mighty wheat pool, the CCF, and a man-made lake.

The Brash and Battered Boss of Windsor

By GERALD ANGLIN

Mayor Arthur Reaume, Windsor's colorful, controversial chief magistrate, has survived two hectic public probes to squeeze back into the mayor's chair. A Maclean's editor tells how he does it.

Franklin's Folly: A Maclean's Flashback

By FRED BODSWORTH

Sir John Franklin's terrible ordeal in the Arctic ended in tragedy. The school books show him as a bold hero and intrepid explorer. He was certainly all of that — but is that all of the story?

How to Save Money On Your Income Tax

By CHARLES NEVILLE

If you rent a house for profit, have a wife who works or kids who get the measles, or make spare-time pocket money — or do a lot of other things involving cash, then this can save you money.

AND IN THE SAME ISSUE...

HUMOR

Robert Thomas Allen tells **HOW TO BE A PARENT**

HEALTH June Callwood reports on

WHOOPIING COUGH, OUR NO. 1 BABY-KILLER

PLUS a short story by Canadian writer Arthur Mayse; Beverley Baxter's London Letter; Clyde Gilmour's Movies; and all regular departments.

Continued from page 58
out and do her public duty. The world needs a bit of female common sense these days."

She talks in a voice big for her physical size. Her jaw looks like a small, hard anvil. Her mouth seems shaped by the hundreds of speeches she has made; even when she sits thinking her mouth shapes words silently. When they come out in sound they either tumble out like small, round stones or drop with the cracking sound of bricks. She's made words her business.

They serve her well, particularly in repartee. At one campaign meeting a heckler demanded to know her religion. Charlotte threw the truth at him. "My mother's a Catholic. My father was an Orangeman. Where does that leave me? Right in the Anglican Church."

If she'd wished to go farther she'd have told them how her Irish mother ran away with her father—by horse and buggy—to be married by the next village's Anglican minister.

Charlotte Whitton, C.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D. ("Those are honorary degrees. And don't go calling me Doctor. I don't want to be turned out on an obstetrical case in the middle of the night"), worked her way through Renfrew High School, taking accounting at night, and put herself through Queen's University with the aid of several scholarships and by having simultaneously three jobs in the summer.

Life Was Never Boring

She graduated with a fistful of academic prizes, an accomplishment she attributes to her Grandmother Whitton who would never let her make a list of the week's supply of groceries she was sent to buy as a small child, but forced her to use her memory. In later years other academic honors came to her: the Doctor of Civil Law from King's College, Halifax, in 1939, the Doctor of Laws, Queen's University, 1941, and another D.C.L. from Acadia University, Nova Scotia, 1948. These were matched by service decorations: the Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1934, the Jubilee Medal in 1936, and the Coronation Medal in 1937.

On graduation she got a job as an assistant to the Historical Manuscripts Commission, now part of the Archives. She was eligible because of her high marks and medals, but a disabled war veteran wanted the position too. "Now it's up to you," said the Dean of Queen's, "but every Queen's woman..."
"Oh, certainly. Let him have it," said Charlotte.

A week later she had a job with the Social Service Council, then an adjunct of the Christian Church Council in Toronto. When people ask whether she ever took courses in social service she'll reply: "Before they were, I was," meaning that they just didn't exist at the time.

During the depression years she'd travel into the outposts of B. C. and to prairie farms beyond the rail to study conditions and find ways to help those in need. These studies she did sometimes for the Canadian Welfare Council of which she was a full-time director from 1926-1941, and sometimes for the Manitoba Royal Commission, or directly for the Dominion Government.

She tackled many projects—a book on lumbering in the Ottawa Valley and trips to Europe as a delegate to world meetings on social questions.

Through it all, most of all, she wanted to write. The 60 pamphlets she has turned out on everything from delinquency, community organization, social security and immigration to a report for the I.O.D.E. on child welfare

Maclean's Magazine, March 1, 1951

in Alberta didn't quite satisfy her. This last report landed her as a witness in a provincial libel suit. The suit was dropped but a Royal Commission endorsed many of her findings and new laws controlling adoptions have been drawn up.

Her urge to write finally found an outlet a couple of years ago when publishing-broadcasting tycoon Roy Thompson accepted her column, "Woman on the Line," for his 10 papers. She also writes for the Halifax Herald Chronicle and a thrice-weekly column, "Every Other Day," for the Ottawa Citizen. The 9,000 words that make up her weekly output sound just the way she talks and are first penned in longhand. She has complete freedom in subject matter.

Carpentry for Relaxation

Besides this she writes pamphlets to order, such as the 6,000-word review of the history of education in Ontario for Ottawa Normal School and the book-length "The Dawn of Ampler Life," a study of social work for ex-Conservative leader John Bracken. She is as familiar a figure in the lofty Parliamentary library as she is on the lecture podiums of Canadian women's clubs and in schools, colleges and hospitals.

All this activity is conducted from a spacious two-floor flat behind Rideau Gate on the edges of Ottawa's swank Rockcliffe residential district. The slightly Victorian, petit point, mahogany-and-dark-rugs decor was contributed by Margaret Grier, a close friend who shared the flat with Charlotte for 30 years and died while Dr. Whitton was on witness duty in Alberta. Charlotte describes her still as "my better judgment."

When the pace gets too strenuous the controller goes to her island cabin on McGregor Lakes and indulges in one of the few hobbies she has time or patience for, carpentry; or to her home in the valley village of Renfrew where her mother lives.

Bounced, She Bounced Back

The contrasts of her busy life in the cities of the world and the quiet of the Gatineau Lakes and the Ottawa Valley please her. Somehow, the abrupt difference reminds her of the time, on her last visit to England, when she was thrown out of the rush seats at the Royal Tournament at the Olympia by a surly guard. Three days later she was right back—this time in the Royal Box as the guest of Princess Alice, wife of one-time Canadian Governor-General the Earl of Athlone. The Princess, who'd known her in Ottawa, heard she was in London and sent her an invitation.

"That's life," says Charlotte. "Always unexpected." ★

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The Power of Color

Continued from page 17

72 degrees, same as the rest of the plant," replied the building superintendent. But he gave in and upped the temperature to 74 degrees. The workers insisted it was still cold.

An executive sensed the trouble and called back the decorators. "Yes," they admitted, "maybe we used too much blue."

An orange stripe was added to the wall, slipcovers of orange and reddish-brown placed on the chairs. The temperature was dropped to 72 and the workers thanked the building superintendent for keeping the room warmer.

British troops, sweltering in tanks during the Western Desert campaign of 1942, felt cooler and fought harder when the tank interiors were painted blue-green.

Color can also absorb or radiate heat. White, in reflecting all light, also reflects heat. Black absorbs light and absorbs heat into the bargain. White ships in the tropics are claimed to be 10 degrees cooler inside than black ships. The U. S. Bureau of Mines reports that four months' gasoline evaporation in a white storage tank was 112 gallons; in a red tank 284 gallons (in a black tank it would be still higher). Changing a 20,000-gallon tank from black to white saved one oil company \$400 a year. A Russian port opens two months before the ice would normally melt by covering the ice with coal dust. The blackened ice absorbs sunlight and melts in half the time.

Where greens and blues are soft and hazy, purple leaves a blurred image on the eye. Someone not speaking distinctly leaves us impatient and

annoyed; purple and violet—indistinct colors—have a similar effect. Merchandising experts say food in a purple package will sit on store shelves until the mice eat it.

Black also has some of the depressing qualities of purple. Yousuf Karsh, Ottawa portrait photographer, learned early that his large black camera and focusing cloth had a depressing influence on subjects. The natural character he captures in his portraits are partly the result, he says, of having painted his camera white and of having replaced the black head cloth with one of white and gold.

Don't Blame It on Salami

Where work is physical and monotonous (like typing) a color scheme leaning to soft reds, yellows, browns, cream and buff eases boredom and speeds muscular reaction. When the offices of a chemical manufacturer were changed from grey and blue to cream and red, tests revealed that typing speed increased 12%, shorthand transcription 20%.

Where work involves mental concentration or attention to fine detail (like accounting), colors like red and yellow distract and add to eyestrain. The engineer studying blueprints or the skilled technician assembling watches needs an opportunity to relax when he lifts his eyes from the job. Walls of blue and green will do this.

In a plant where the fine innards of radio tubes are welded over bright gas jets, tempers grew short and breakages increased toward the end of each day. Faber Birren, U. S. lighting and color expert, said eyestrain was producing mental and physical fatigue. "Give the workers a chance to rest their eyes," he recommended. Drab benches and walls were painted light blue, a few

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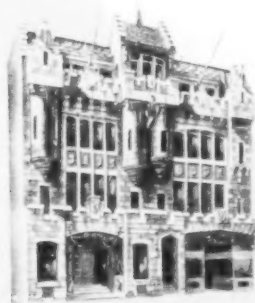
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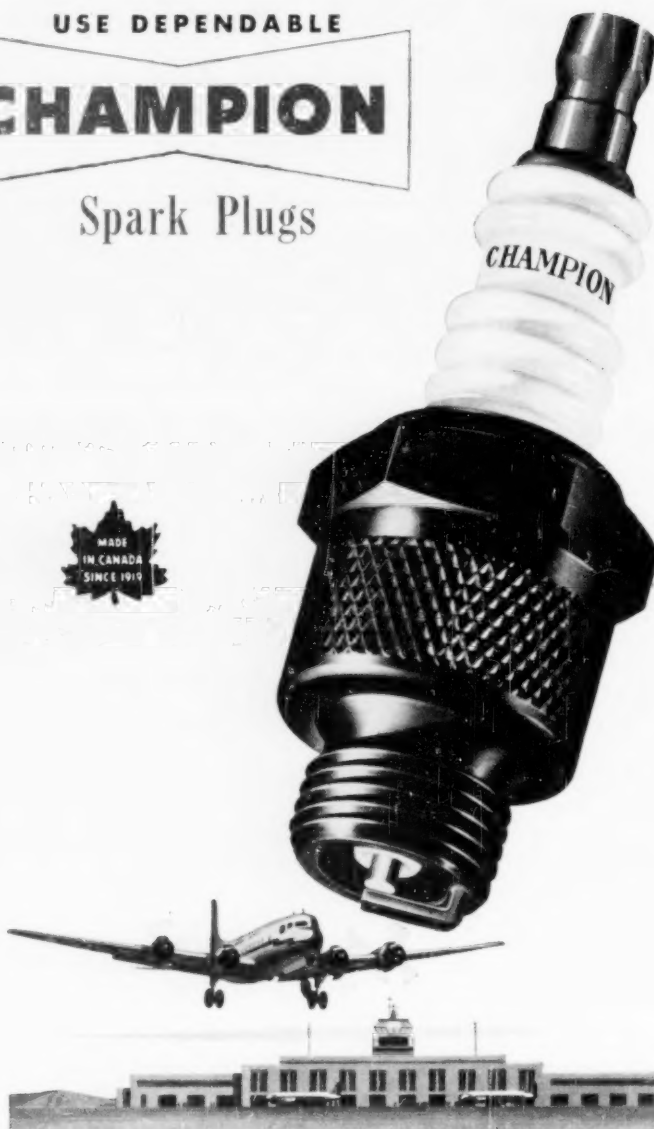
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(signed) M. G. BEARD
Chief Engineer, American Airlines



Listen to the CHAMPION ROLL CALL... Harry Wiener's fast spotcast every Friday night over the ABC network

touches of orange were added to break monotony. Breakages decreased and the production rate rose.

Headaches, nausea, fatigue, indigestion and stomach ulcers have sometimes been traced by industrial plant doctors to the strain of working under glare or inadequate lighting. Says color expert Birren: "Many a sick stomach blamed on a salami sandwich should be blamed instead on eyestrain."

By spotlighting cutting blades, drills, rollers and electrical contacts accidents in some factories have been reduced 50%. A vision expert claims that rail crossing accidents could be cut in half by painting locomotives yellow. The CNR recently painted cabooses a vivid orange so that engineers could determine a mile away whether the rear of a freight waiting on a siding was clear of the main line.

Peaches for New Mothers

A Toronto soap firm, seeking suggestions from employees, gets a 50% greater response now that the suggestion box has been surrounded with a red circle on the wall. But some oil-burner manufacturers who use red to highlight control knobs and levers aren't hep to the science. Red is the first color to fade out in the dim light of a basement.

In modern hospitals color has become an aid to healing. Hospital white is on the way out. Many Canadian hospitals have replaced the harsh unnaturalness of white with soft colors.

Greens and blues in operating rooms help the patient to relax and anesthesia is hastened. Expectant mothers in labor frequently experience a feeling of claustrophobia; walls and ceilings appear to press in on them. Labor rooms of blue, nature's color of distance, help overcome this. But after the baby is born the mother needs a change of color. Gay colors like peach and pink will bring the roses back to her cheeks.

Color can play mischief with your stomach. When Pan-American Airways set up a research team to find out why their passengers suffered airsickness more than passengers of other lines the brown-and-yellow color plan of plane interiors was found to be the culprit. Yellow hastened nausea in color-sensitive travelers. Pan-American redecorated with green, which was found to be the best air-sickness preventive, provided green-tinted pillows and blankets and avoided serving mayonnaise and other yellow foods. Air-sickness decreased by 45%.

It Looks Bigger in Red

Many manufacturers skilfully use color to attract attention to their products on store shelves. A garden implement maker had to enlarge his plant after he started painting rake and shovel handles red. A floor-wax firm boosted sales 25% in a few months by changing its brown container to red, yellow and black.

Food-packaging designers have learned that colors like red, yellow and orange on which the eye focuses sharply make an object appear larger. Blue, green and black seem to reduce the size of a food package.

The phenomenon of the afterimage is also a power in selling. Gaze steadily at an electric light for 30 seconds then shift your eyes to a sheet of white paper. Stare at the paper and you will see a circle of blue, the afterimage of the yellow light. Try it with a bright red object, a pencil or a button, held in strong light. You will see the object outlined in blue-green on the paper. The explanation is that when you stare, for example, at a red object, the eye's nerve endings that pick up red

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Adventurer

When I was just a little guy
I dreamed of growing big so I
Could sail to islands overseas
Where hostile aborigines
Would stalk me while, supremely bold,
I searched for buried pirate gold.

However, in the house next door
There lived a girl (one I'd ignore)
Who dreamed of growing up to be
The bride of someone just like me . . .

My wife is nice, the children cute—
I wish we had that pirate loot!

—Richard Wheeler

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rays become temporarily burned out. When you shift your gaze to white paper the burned-out area of the eye sees the white minus its red rays—and white minus red in color physics equals blue-green.

A butcher redecorated his shop and painted walls yellow. Business slumped. A consultant explained that customers, after gazing at the yellow walls, saw a blue afterimage which gave the meat an unwholesome purplish hue. The walls were repainted green. Business is back to normal for now a red afterimage makes the meat appear fresh and appetizing.

A Chicago packing house went one better. In its salesroom even sawdust on the floor is dyed green.

Yellow Makes You Hungry

In dress shops the afterimage is also out to sell. A customer selects a dress, steps into a dressing room to try it on. "It's wonderful, it makes me look 15 years younger!" she exclaims, looking in the mirror. If she had been used to the eye-trickery of color she would have been suspicious of that blue-green wall opposite the dressing room mirror. The bloom of youth she saw in her cheeks wasn't put there by the new dress—it was the pink afterimage of the blue-green wall mirrored behind her face.

Food research has proved that warm colors—yellow, cream, peach and so on, with smaller areas of red or orange as trim—stimulate our appetites and induce us to order larger meals (and leave bigger tips) than blue and green surroundings.

A quick-service sandwich shop in Montreal was losing business because patrons, after eating, lounged back in their seats to chat, occupying space that new arrivals had to wait for. "Your place is too restful," a decorator told the owner. So the lighting was increased and cream walls were changed to yellow trimmed with reddish brown. The owner reports, "No more lounging: they eat quickly and get out."

A New York art dealer attributes a share of his success to the same idea. Several years ago he instructed one of his buyers to select the brightest and most discordant wallpaper to be found for his bedroom.

"I mean it!" the dealer repeated. "I want something so dreadful that as soon as I open my eyes I shall have to get out of that room. I don't make money lying in bed!" ★



MODEL HD-15 — 102.0 DRAWBAR hp — 27,500 lb

MODEL HD-9 — 70.0 DRAWBAR hp — 18,500 lb

BIG NEWS



for tractor users

...and sidewalk superintendents, too

It happens only "once in a blue moon" in the construction industry!

Not one—but TWO NEW crawler tractors are being introduced this month by Allis-Chalmers...and both are *completely new*, from the ground up.

They will make the operator's job easier...servicing more simple...boost daily production for owners.

The pattern was set by the famous Hydraulic Torque

Converter tractor and the ever-popular Model HD-5—the largest and smallest in the Allis-Chalmers track-type line. Now come these two in-between sizes, the HD-9 and HD-15, with a design that has been well tried, tested and proved.

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WIT AND WISDOM



Politic Politics—Most intricate of all the political arts is criticism, as it has to stop an inch short of making it necessary to put forward an alternative program. — *Victoria Colonist*.

Trav - Illogical—Today's definition: Tourist—a guy who travels thousands of miles to get a picture of himself standing by his car. — *Vancouver Province*.

Give it a Fair Chance—The medical profession announces again that whisky is no cure for the common cold, but then neither is the medical profession. — *Brandon Sun*.

Look, Ma, no Handouts!—Uncle Sam has outdone Atlas; he's carrying the world with both hands in his pockets. — *Calgary Herald*.

Of Rue and the Morgue—Love is like a mushroom. You're never sure whether it's the real thing until it's too late. — *St. Catharines Standard*.

Last Rites—Hash is the triumph of ends over odds. — *Toronto Daily Star*.

Settled out of Court—One hard thing about being poor is the danger of getting shot instead of being sued for breach of promise. — *Sudbury Star*.

Hide - and - Seek—A salesman making a two-week stay in town bought some Limburger cheese to eat in his room. When he got ready to leave, he still had half of it. He didn't want to pack it, nor did he want to leave it lying in his room, so he buried it in the dirt of a potted plant on the window sill.

A few days later he received a telegram from the hotel: "We give up. Where did you put it?" — *St. John Telegraph Journal*.

Short Haul—A man slipped on the stair of a subway and started to slide down to the bottom. Half way down he collided with a woman, knocking her down, and the two continued their way together.

After they had reached the bottom, the woman, still dazed, continued to sit on the man's chest. Looking up at her he said politely: "I'm sorry, madam, but this is as far as I go." — *Port Moody (B.C.) Advance*.

Joint Effort—Sunday School Teacher—Who made you, my little man?

Little Man—God made part of me. Sunday School Teacher—What do you mean by that?

Little Man—He made me little, and I just growed the rest myself. — *Fort William Times-Journal*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"How did this breakfast in bed business get started?"



→ Did you ever shop for dinner in Paris?

Even if you parlay-voo like a native, you get a queer, lost feeling the first time you go marketing in a foreign country.

You look at the shelves filled with strange goods, and not one of them means anything to you. And you haven't the faintest idea which are good, and which are so-so, and which won't satisfy *you* at all.

And if, by chance, you happen to see a familiar manufacturer's brand among the strangers—well, take our word for it, you embrace it like an old, old friend!

There's nothing like a little travel to make you realize how our system of brand names makes life easier and pleasanter—and safer, too.

Here at home, when a manufacturer develops a product

he thinks you'll like, he puts his name on it—big and clear and proud. You try it, and if it doesn't suit you, you know what not to get the next time. And if it does please you, you can buy it again with the certainty that it will be just as good . . . because the manufacturer can't afford to let his brand name down.

Brand names give you the wonderful power of taking it or leaving it alone. And that power—a force as mighty as your right to vote—is what keeps manufacturers vying with each other for your favor . . . making their products better and better . . . offering you more and more for your money.

So make use of your power of choice to get what you want. Know your brands—and study the ads on these pages. That way you will get what pleases you best—again and again and again.

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demand the brand you want**

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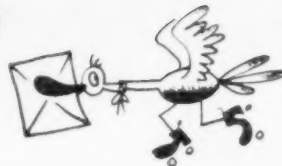
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MAILBAG



Skywriting Wanted to Stop Wars

I've just been reading the editorial of Jan. 15 ("Let's Stop the Fourth World War Too") and I think it's a great piece of writing and should go into every home on this continent. It's all so true . . . we could easily take 100 million people here and not notice them—but not under our present system of finance.—James Loader, Lloydminster, Sask.

• Everything you say has been crying to be said, and will cry. One thing I'd add: the millionaire war-munitions manufacturers and other super-war-profiteers must all be stopped. But when??—E. Weber, Victoria.

• Move over, you have company. Your editorial of Jan. 15 should be written in the sky. Why murder, destroy and devastate in the name of

except as the Communists give lip service to peace.

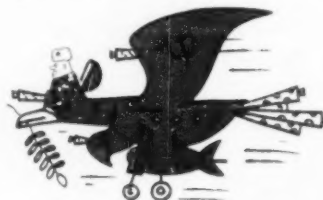
The council . . . in reports and resolutions . . . has formed . . . a positive Christian program for peace . . . not peace at any price, but justice at all costs. The council was refusing to allow itself to be a party to a program which possibly, even probably, was allied to one particular political point of view. It was also refusing to be led into a negative pacifism.—The Rev. Dr. W. W. Judd, General Secretary, Church House, Toronto.

• There is one country in the world responsible for our present situation and one man in that country who is the mainspring of all our troubles—and that is Great Britain and Winston Churchill. I am 62, born in Toronto of English forebears; a veteran, front line 1915-1918; a prisoner of war for two and a half years in Germany. I know that what I write now is gospel truth.—Wm. G. Ashdown, Winnipeg.

• "Do We Need a New Word For Peace?" The answer is "No." Peace means nothing more or less than non-interference, and that begins and ends with the individual. When we ourselves are not peaceful how can we expect nations to be?—Gordon V. Towle, Vancouver.

• Just one question—do you really think that every idea espoused by Communists and their so-called dupes is necessarily bad? Or that all anti-Communists are always right?—Grace W. Gleed, Okanagan Centre, B.C.

• The editor has, I'm afraid, got his vowels mixed just like the Russians want all of us to do. Wherever the word "peace" crops up in their vocabulary it really means "piece." Thereby



they seek to give you an earful while they are seeking a mouthful.—H. P. Hebbes, Carseland, Alta.

Faith for Christmas

I've just been rereading your Christmas editorial, "Faith, the Finest Christmas Present," and I am perturbed. We cannot remove nor destroy evil, can we? And you admit that all these 1,950 Christmases have failed in making anything like brotherhood, or peace on earth any more apparent. Christ came, as you know, to save the ungodly. That's us. We are all in the same boat. "Let him that is without sin first cast a stone."

Why have all these 1,950 years failed? Simply because many still believe it is the privilege of mankind



a doubtful liberty? I am sure a large number of Canadians would prefer to save the freezing Koreans from exposure and starvation. Statesmanship alone can ensure peace.—D. Gray, Regina.

• A suggestion from me might not be out of place: First of all, we have not won the Third World War, and I think you will agree with me that since the Second World War we have been slipping . . . it is to be hoped the Security Council will adopt a more friendly attitude toward the people of Asia and Egypt, so that our relations with these races will be improved. In the United States and Canada nothing real has been done to stop the steady progress of inflation . . . this one item is causing more unrest in North America than any other single thing I can mention, and could lead to the rapid growth of Communism.—W. A. Headrick, Vegreville, Alta.

A New Word for Peace?

Your Jan. 1 editorial "Do We Need a New Word for Peace?" is timely. It was prompted by an episode which occurred in the annual meeting of the Department of Social Service of the Church of England in Canada. A member of the council stated that in his opinion the churches had lost the initiative of peace to the Communists and that the church had no positive program for peace. He was thinking possibly of the Stockholm Appeal engineered by the World Congress for Peace. We believe he was wrong,

For Quick Cough Relief, Mix This Syrup, at Home

You'll be surprised how quickly a bad winter cough can be relieved, when you try this well known recipe, universally used throughout Canada. It's no trouble to mix, and costs but a trifle.

Into a 16 ounce bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then fill up with granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Syrup is easily made with 2 cups of sugar and 1 cup of water, stirred a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup. This makes four times as much cough medicine for your money. It never spoils and tastes fine.

Quickly you feel its penetrating effect. It loosens the phlegm, helps to clear the air passages, and soothes the irritated membranes. This three-fold action explains why it brings such quick relief in distressing coughs.

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MORE MAILBAG:

to bring the kingdom of heaven on earth into being. That is a job for our Creator Himself to do. In effect we pray for the Lord to bring the kingdom into being, but take it for granted that He has given us the job to do.—S. A. Whitfield, Parksville, B.C.

The Kinsmen Are Content

Please accept my thanks for the splendid article on Kinsmen that you published Jan. 15 ("Don't Call Them Babbitts"). Needless to say the entire club was happy to read about us.—Harry Altner, Bulletin Editor, Kinsmen Club, St. Jérôme, Que.

A Jolt from Emily

I have been a silent reader for quite a number of years but I got jolted right out of my complacency by the article on Emily Carr, "The Genius We Laughed At" (Jan. 1). Oh, do please give us more about our Canadian artists and, if I may be so bold as to say so, please give us more of their pictures.—Genevieve Tinkess, Kirriemuir, Alta.

● Congratulations on recalling Emily Carr to our attention. . . . No Canadian could offer us more courage and inspiration, or more truly point the way of our deliverance from a materialistic and mechanized society than she. Let us reread her four books with an open mind, study her paintings in the light of them, and we will see the real Emily Carr.—Mrs. Katherine C. Daly, Toronto.

The Real Nature of Deafness

The article, "I Take my Ears off at Night" (Jan. 1), further spreads the tragic misunderstanding of the nature of deafness. Norris Hodgins, the man described as "stone deaf," is not deaf at all. He is hard of hearing and not even severely so, judging from the text.

It is of titanic importance to the education of the deaf children that the hearing public understand the abysmal difference between deafness (lack of functional hearing) and defective audition which can be remedied with the use of a hearing aid.

The deaf child has no bridge of sound to knowledge. The hard-of-hearing youngster has the same facilities of education possessed by a hearing child, even if his audition is expanded with a hearing aid. The process of thinking is bound up with the use of words and the deaf child has no conception of what a word is. The job of fitting him for adult citizenship is the most complex in the entire field of education.

The adult deaf of Canada implore you to be careful in use of terms regarding the deaf and individuals with defective hearing.—David Peikoff, Secretary, Canadian Association of the Deaf, Toronto.

Two Were Very Comical

About 15 months ago somebody, name forgotten, wrote in to you saying that only favorites of Maclean's get stories published. Checking since, I find the following:

Approximately 130 articles and stories written by 96 people. About 20 I did not read.

17 I found very interesting

24 " interesting

15 " very good

32 " good

2 " comical and good

2 " very comical

7 " fairly good

1 " poor

—Thomas W. McKay, Chatham Head, N.B.

Parents Are Wonderful People

Just a note to say how much I enjoyed your three-part article, "It's a Tough Time to Be a Kid." It was splendidly written and certainly told us the facts. I thank God for my parents who are wonderful people and always welcome a gang of us after skating or any such function. It is hard for us young people who were brought up and reared by good Christian parents to realize that all kids aren't as lucky as we.—J. B. M., Oshawa, Ont.

● I found the most interesting point of all in Jacques Godbout's remark—"How many Canadians have been from Vancouver to Halifax!" Hurrah! At least in Montreal they—or somebody—know that the Maritimes is part of Canada. Obviously, Mr. Katz is from Ontario. As just as frequently as he mentions his coast-to-coast tour of Canada, he never mentions the Maritimes!

A very broad-minded Torontonian once said that the Maritimes' greatest export was brains, so no wonder we Maritime teen-agers don't have time to wear "drapes" in morbid colors, or have four dates a week, or make headlines in crime.—Alice S. Johnston, Moncton, N.B.

Katz says any future surveys begin at Sable Island.

● Are we supposed to feel sorry for the boy who can't keep even a "casual date" on less than \$2? If his father is a factory worker, that \$2 represents



about 25% of his day's earnings. It also represents a large slice of Mom's family budget for the day. How about an article on "It's A Tough Time to be a Parent"?

You'll pardon me if I don't sign this letter. If it ever got into print with my name attached, my teen-age daughter would be awfully cross with me (and Mr. Katz wouldn't want that to happen, would he?).—"Disgruntled Dad," Preston, Ont.

A Reader for 43 Years

I first read this magazine in 1908 when it was about the size of the present Reader's Digest and was interviewed by its reporter of that year. The interview was published with my picture. I have been reading the magazine ever since . . . and appreciate its growing excellence. P. C. Robinson, Hudson, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—AP (page 5), Winnipeg Tribune (7), Harold K. White (9), Newton (10, 11), T. V. Little (10, 11), Paul Rocket-Panda (12, 13), NFB (18), Dept. of Resources and Development (19), Ken Bell (19), Bernie Aumuller, New York Daily Compass (20, 21), Sedge Leblang (21).

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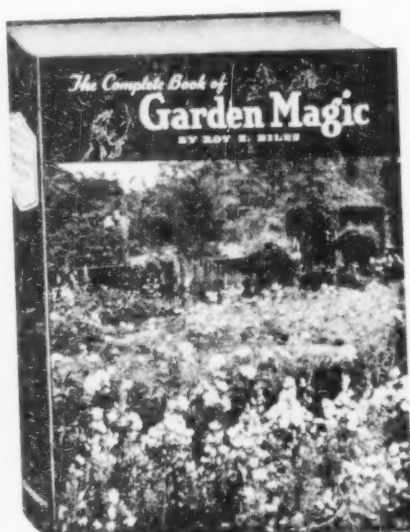
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TREES AND SHRUBS: How to plant, use of flowering fruit trees, best trees to plant, 67 lists of trees.

PLANTING, TRANSPLANTING AND PRUNING: When to plant and transplant, best way to prune, root pruning, suckers.

HEUGES: kinds of hedges, use of hedges, how to plant, propagation, shearing and shaping, 2 lists of hedges.

THE FLOWER GARDEN: Site arrangement, planting plans, preparation, how to make winter coverings, perennial borders, edging, annual flower chart, color, height, blooming, season, etc.; what to plant for garden color, 30 lists of plants for the garden.

ROSES: site, time, location, soil, planting, training, control of diseases, mulching, 7 lists of roses, 5 lists of roses.

THE ROCK GARDEN: rock to plant, rock to plant, the Wall Garden, proper drainage, 10 lists of plants for different types of rock gardens.

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BOOK WITH CARE



A MOTORIST in Prince Edward Island thinks he has discovered how to impose a price ceiling on the rising cost of everything. He stopped at a service station recently and found two mechanics laughing while one of them read aloud from a sheet of paper. They had found the paper on the seat of a car left for repairs, they told the motorist, and handed it to him to read.

It was a work list containing some

nature of his mission, hustled him into the cab, drove him to church and handed him over to an usher. He sat there for some time until the usher tapped him on the shoulder, led him outside. There was the same cabbie who, with more hustle than ever, drove some more—"And," said the parishioner, "here I am."

The driver had taken him to the wrong church, discovered his mistake when he reported back to his office and then had conscientiously straightened things out.

...



15 items from car wash to valve grinding. Pencil across the bottom were the words: "Please stop when you reach \$15."

...

Visiting a public school in Napanee, Ont., an art authority was pleasantly astonished to see almost every hand raised in a class of 10-year-olds when he asked, "How many of you have ever heard of a Canadian painter named Tom Thompson?" He went away with a suddenly heightened estimate of art appreciation among our youth. The teacher didn't bother telling him Tom Thompson is the name of a local decorator.

...

A Toronto minister decided recently on a bolder approach to the problem of delinquent churchgoers. He phoned one man and asked why he hadn't been attending. "Never seem to get around to it" was the blunt reply. The minister offered to call personally in his car the next Sunday and drive the man to church.

Next Sunday he was halfway through his sermon when he realized he'd forgotten to pick up his parishioner. After the service he phoned and apologized and wound up by insisting that next Sunday he'd send a taxicab.

Next Sunday the service was almost half over when the parishioner walked in with a tremendous grin on his face and sat down. After the service the minister asked him what had happened.

Well, said the parishioner, the taxicab arrived all right and the driver, obviously impressed by the

An Army private at an Ontario camp was being trained as a telephone switchboard operator. With a minimum of calls he was learning the work swiftly until the officers began calling to give their orders. Soon every line on the board was occupied and his phone continued to ring furiously.

He viewed the board nervously for a moment and then called for his instructor. "What do I do now?" he asked.

"Better pull out the plugs and start over," quipped the instructor and was horrified when his pupil hastily ripped out all connections.

It took the instructor an hour to straighten things out. The private stood by, happy in the knowledge that he'd obeyed orders.

...

When the Cloverdale, B. C., fire siren screamed its life - and - death summons one night recently the newest member of the volunteer brigade reacted in the department's best traditions. He jumped from



warm bed into cold clothes and raced half a mile through the dark to the fire station. He was in time to fling himself onto the platform of the fire truck which then raced half a mile through the dark—to his next-door neighbor's house.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 431 University Ave., Toronto.

Tradition Counts



The Royal 22nd Regiment

Affectionately known as the "Van Doos", the Royal 22nd Regiment was organized in 1920 as a unit of Canada's permanent army to carry on the fighting traditions of the 22nd Battalion, C.E.F.

In their motto, "Je me souviens" ("I remember"), they recall the stirring achievements of the Quebec militia, who helped defend Canada during the critical years of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the Fenian Raids. As a unit of the "First Div" in the Second World War, the Royal 22nd Regiment took part in the initial landing of the Allied forces in Sicily and served in all the important engagements northward through Italy, being especially remembered for their storming of Casa Berardi during the battle of the Moro River.

In addition to their traditional duty of garrisoning the historic Citadel of Quebec, the "Van Doos" have now the distinction of forming part of Canada's Special Force for service overseas. Proud of their glorious past, the Royal 22nd is one of Canada's honoured regiments in which . . . TRADITION COUNTS.



This illustration shows a private of the Royal 22nd in the ceremonial uniform adopted at the time of their affiliation with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. A full colour reproduction, suitable for framing, may be obtained by sending your name and address (please print) to:

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